THE DVKES MISTRIS.

As IT WAS PRESENted by her *Majesties* Servants, At the private House in *Drury-Lane.*

Written by
IAMES SHIRLY.

LONDON,
Printed by JOHN NORTON, for ANDREW CROOKE, 1638.

The Prologue.

SO various are the pallates of our Age
That nothing is preſented on the Stage,
Though nere ſo ſquare, and apted to the Lawes
Of poeſy, that can winne full applauſe,
This likes a ſtory, that a cunning plot
This wit, that lines, here one, he know's not what.
But after all this looking ſeverall wayes,
We do obſerue the generall gueſts to Playes,
Meet in opinion of two ſtraines: that pleaſe
Satire, and wantonnes, the laſt of theſe
Though old, if in new dreſſing it appeare
Will move a ſmile from all, but ſhall not heare.
Our Author hath no guilt of ſcurrile friends.
For Satire they do know beſt what it meanes,
That dare apply, and if a Poets Pen,
Ayming at generall errors not the men,
'Tis not his fault, the ſafeſt cure is, they
That purge their boſomes, may ſee any Play.
But here we quit your feare of Satire too,
And with theſe diſadvantages to you
Thus humbly bow, to ſuch helpes tane away
What hope is there many will like the Play,
But good or bad, have patience but two howers,
The Poets credit is at ſtake with ours.

THE DVKES MISTRIS

Actus Primus.

Enter Silvio, and Valerio.

Sil. *Va.* We are like to have a brave, and jolly time on't.
The Court looks now as't should be, after such
A tempest, what should follow but a calme,
And Sun-beames? wher's the *Dutchesse*?
And yet as the case stands, we can scarce give
That title, all her glory is eclips'd, (her
Shee's i'th west, poore gentle-woman I can
But pity her, I meane *Euphemia*.

Sil. I dare not speake.

Val. Thou mayst speake any thing
That's Courtly, and in fashion.

Sil. But the *Duke*.

Val. Is *Duke*, and Heaven preserve him, let him have
His humor, and his Mistresses, what are we
The worse, nay lets consider like wise-men
We are the better for't, it gives us liberty,
And matter for our dutifull imitation.

Sil. But she was his *Dutchesse*.

Val. What then?

Sil. A Lady of,
A flowing ſweetnes, and but in his eyes
Can want no beauty, how her nature may
Thus cruelly affronted, keepe that ſoft,
And noble temper——

Val. Take heede, and be wiſe,
We are or ſhould be Courtiers, if it pleaſe
The *Duke* for reaſons beſt knowne to himſelfe
To have more Wives, I ſay 'tis fit he have 'em,
I make it my owne caſe.

Sil. Thou art not married.

Val. No, I dare not for that reaſon, cauſe I hold it
Unfit my conſcience ſhould be limited,
But we are private men, and though the Lawes
Have power on us, the State, and *Dukedome* may
Suffer, if he that is the ſoule of all,
I meane the *Duke*, ſhould waſt his life with one,
One melancholy wife, come let me tell thee
Since he has choſen one, that he thinks fayrer
'Tis happy for his firſt to keepe her head on,

Sil. Couldſt thou have thought ſo cruell, las *Euphemia*

Val. No thou art deceiv'd, if I were *Duke*
'Tis ten to one I'de have noe Wife at all,

Sil. How?

Val. Not of mine owne, while any of my ſubjects
Had thoſe I could affect; whom I wo'd have
Preſented by their husbands, they ſhould doe
Themſelves that curteſie, none would denie,
Conſidering what may follow.

Sil. Beſides Hornes,

Val. Right, if the toy be gameſome, the husbands made
For ever. *Sil.* Cuckold.

Val. And his Wife a great one,
Hornes excuſe for all.

Sil. The old mind ſtill.

Val. I know my conſtitution

Enter Leontio.

His countenance weares ſome ſore of diſcontent
Do'es he not appeare Cloudy.

Sil.

Sil. Lett's ſpeake to him.
Val. My Lord, —— my Lord.
Not anſwer.
Sil He does not heare.
My nobleſt Lord.
Val. If I did thinke he were proud now of a ſuddaine,
I wod not aske him how he do'es, to ſave
His life——I'le ſpeake once more, my worthieſt Lord,
Leontio. *Leo.* Ha!
Val. I ha waken'd him.
Leo. Valerio, and *Silvio,*
I am your ſervants.
Val. Not that we grudge our duties to your Lordſhip
Or breath, for without flattery, I dare
Be hoarſe with prayſing, and with praying for you,
But we would willingly have your Lordſhip take
Notice, when we expreſſe our hearts to ſerve you.
Leo. Your pardon gentlemen, I am confident
You have more vertue then to let me ſuffer in your opinions
Sil. You looke ſad.
Leo. Not I.
Val. And talke as you had but ſtarted from a dreame,
I dare not be too bold to enquire the cauſe,
But your face will teach others melancholie.
Sil. Now in this generall mirth it muſt appeare,
The greater wonder to behold your trouble.
Leo. I ſhall betray my ſelfe, keepe in my paſſions.
Sil. Ther's ſomething in't more then we apprehend.
Val. What ſhould diſtract the freedome of your ſole
Kinſman, and onely favourite to the *Duke*,
The peoples love too, and theſe ſeldome meete,
The minion of the Souldiers, who honour you
Moſt infinitly for your valour, and your bounty,
Leo. Flatter not gentlemen.
Val. I'le be your hinde feet.
Ecclipſe not, Sr, the glories of your minde
with this ſtrange melancholy, I wod not for
My hopes the *Duke* ſhould ſee this dulnes, he
May with unhappy jealouſie interpret——

Leo. What Jealousie?
Val. I know not.
Leo. Is my heart transparent?
Val. Now ioy revels in the Court,
By his command, and his example too;
Doe not affront his pleasure, I am bold,
But 'tis my zeale, that wo'd not have you suffer,
And you may give it pardon.
Leo. I must thanke
Thy love *Valerio*, thy heart does speake
A noble friendship, you shall witnesse Gentlemen
I will be very pleasant, keepe, keepe in
Yee rebell thoughts, and take some other time
To shew your wildnes.
Sil. Observ'd you that?
Val. Shall I be bold to aske your Lordship a que-
Leo. Any thing. (stion?
Val. You will pardon the folly on't?
Leo. What is't? be cleare with me.
Val. Are you not in love, my Lord?
Leo. In Love?
Val. I have shrewd coniectures.
Leo. From what?
Val. From these dull Symptomes, if you be——
Leo. What then?
Val. Let me be your Physition, 'tis a woman
I must presume.
Leo. What does a man love else? (cloathes.
Val. There be those men are in love with their own
Their wits, their follies, their estates, themselves,
But if you love a woman, let me advise you.
Sil. Heare him my Lord, his practise upon that sex
Has made him learn'd.
Val. Something I have observ'd
After a hundred Mistresses, I had beene dull else,
But to the point.
Leo. How would you advise me?
Val. I would not counsell you not to love at all,
As some that are all Satyr, 'gainst the sex,

Love me a handsome Lady, but so love her
That still your heart finde roome for a fresh beautie,
For twentie, for a thousand.
Leo. Is inconstancie
So easie, and so pardonable.
Val. Why dee' shift
Your shirt, the linnen's fine, but not so cleane
And sweete after a Journey, 'tis a Justice
To change: and a security, a woman
Is Tyrant, when she finds a dotage, Love
But wisely, to delight our hearts, not ruine 'em
With too severe impression.
Leo. Prethee tell me,
What doe most men desire that are in love?
Val. In this wise love I meane? why, my Lord, they
Desire to enioy their Mistresses, what else
Can be expected? and 'tis necessary
In my opinion.
Leo. Hadst thou beene woman,
Thou wod'st not have beene so cruell.
Val. Troth, my Lord,
I know not how the sex might have corrupted mee.
But had I beene *Adonis*, without question
My Lady *Venus* should have had no cause
To accuse my bashfullnesse, I should have left
The Forrest to have hunted——
Leo. I beleeve it.
Val. But I must be content.
Sil. Nothing will much trouble thy head *Valerio*.
Val. I doe not vex my selfe with much inquirie
What men doe in the *Indies*, or what Trade
The great Turke's on, nor what his designe is,
Nor does the State at home much trouble me,
After the warres I enioy my limbs, and can
Boast some activitie, untill some woman
In kindnesse take me downe, be rul'd by me,
Employ your spring and youth upon those Joyes
They are fit for, beget a new *Elizium*,
Under some pleasing shade lets lie and laugh.

Our Temples crown'd with Roses, with the choyse,
And richest blood of Grapes, quicken our veines,
Some faire cheek'd boyes skinking our swelling Cups,
And we with Joviall soules shooting them round
At each mans lip a Mistresse.

Sil. I did looke for this before.

Val. They in this Bower
Shall with their Songs, and Musicke charme our eares,
And nimbly dance, their bright haire loosely spread;
Nor shall they more their amorous beauties hide
Then those contended for the golden Ball.

Leo. Thou wodst imagine many fine devices
But after all these pleasures, as there is
A limit, and a period set, what will
Succeed these raptures, when they are past enjoyings
But leave so many stings upon our thoughts.

Val. We wo'not thinke of that, or if we do,
Wee'le venture upon Fortunes curtesie.

Leo. Thou art resolute *Valerio*, if ere sorrow
Lay seige to me, i'le wish thee my companion.

Val. I am your humble creature, and shall be honord
In your commands.

Enter Ascanio.

As. My Lord, the Duke
Ask'd for you. *Ascanio whispers with*

Leo. I'le attend. Whither in hast? *Valerio, and Silvio.*

Val. We are commanded to attend *Ardelia.*

Sil. It is his pleasure, we should waite upon her
To his presence.

Leo. *Ardelia*,
It will become you, and but that his highnes
Exacts my person, I should bo a part *Exeunt.*
Of her attendance, but not serve her with
Halfe the devotion, I would pay *Euphemia*
The too much injur'd *Duchesse*, now a stranger
To the *Dukes* bosome, while another sits,
And rules his heart, but this prepares my happines,
My hopes grow from her misery, which may
Encline *Euphemia* to pity me.

I muſt uſe art.

Enter Euphemia, and Macrina.

La. Good Madam have more comfort.

Leo. Is not that ſhe? her habite like her Fortune
Moſt blacke, and ominous, heer's a change of State,
Noe noyſe of waiters, and officious troopes,
Of Courtiers flutter here, where are the traine
Of Ladies, with more bloſſome then the Spring,
Ambitious to preſent their duties to her,
Where be thoſe Jewells, whoſe proud blaze did uſe
To vye with Sun-beames, and ſtrike gazers blind?
All gone behind a Cloud? how ſhe obſerves
The Structures, which more ſoft then *Dioniſio*
ſeeme to incline their marble heads, and ſweate
In the compaſſion of her iniury,
My heart is labouring for breath, and yet
I dare not ſpeake to her, the *Duke* has ſpies
Upon her, and his anger carries ruine.

Enter Courtiers, who paſſe by neglectfully.

Eup. Sure I ſhould know this place.

La. Tis the Court Madam.

Eup. And thoſe were Courtiers that paſt by?

La. They were.

Eup. Some of them ſerv'd me once, but now the *Duke*
Has diſcharg'd all, why doſt not thou forſake me.

La. I ſerv'd you Madam, for your ſelfe, and cannot
Thinke on you with leſſe reverence, for your change
Of Fortune.

Eup Is not that *Leontio*?

La. It is Madam.

Eup. Does he decline me too? though I am miſerable,
My griefe wo'd not infect him, but he muſt
Compoſe himſelfe to pleaſe, the *Duke*, whoſe creature
He has beene alwayes.

Leo. I will ſpeake to her,
Though death in the *Dukes* eye threatens to kill me,
Great Miſtreſſe.

Eup. You doe not well *Leontio* to inſult
Upon my miſery, *Dioniſios* frowne

May make your feild as barren.

Leo. By all vertue,
And by your selfe the Mistris, I have not
One thought so irreligious in my soule
I weepe for your misfortune, and shall Study
All humble wayes to serve you.

Eup. You have beene noble.

Leo. Your titles are all sacred still with me,
The *Dukes* neglect cannot unprince you here;
Oh let not hasty sorrow boast a triumph
Over so great a mind, let not that beauty
Wither with apprehension of your wrong
That may be soone repented, and the Storme
That cowardly would shake that comliest building
Make for your happines, some lament your fate.

Enter Strozzi.

Whose lookes speake mirth, be confident, the *Duke*
Will chide the unlawfull flame, that like rude
And wandring meteor, led him from your vertues
With so much danger to embrace *Ardelia.*

Str. The *Duke* shall know your complements. *Exit.*

Eup. Noe more, least for your charity to me,
For I must call it so, you ruine not
Your favour with the *Duke*, farewell *Leontio*
Yet I would pray one favour from you.

Leo. Me?
My life's your servant.

Eup. If you heare the *Duke*
Speake of me, as I feare he never will
But in displeasure, tell him I will thinke it
Noe cruelty to take this poore life from me,
Rather then let me draw a wretched breath
With generall scorne, let him command me dead,
And I forgive him otherwise, farewell. *Exeunt.*

Leo. That close shew'd something, like a will to be
Reveng'd, her brest heav'd up, and fell againe,
While both her eyes shot a contention upward,
As they would seeme to put just Heaven in mind
How much she suffers.

Enter

Enter Pallante.

If griefe thus become her,
What magicke will not love put on? *I* muſt
Stifle my paſſion. *Pallante*, welcome,
You are well met in Court;
Where doſt thou live *Pallante*?

Pall. Every where,
Yet no where to any purpoſe, we are out
Of uſe, and like our Engines are laid by
To gather duſt, the Court I ha' not skill in,
I want the tricke of flatterie, my Lord,
I cannot bow to Scarlet, and Gold-lace,
Embroiderie is not an *Idoll* for my worſhip,
Give me the warres agen.

Leo. But yet remember we fight for peace,
The end of warre.

Pall. I never did, my Lord.

Leo. What?

Pall. Fight for peace, I fought for pay, and honour,
Peace will undoe us.

Leo. Tis the corruption of our peace, that men
Glorious in Spirit, and deſert, are not
Encourag'd.

Pall. The faults ſomewhere.

Leo. I preſume
Thou art not of ſo tyrannous a nature,
But thou couldſt be content to weare rich cloathes,
Feed high, and want no fortune without venturing
To buy them at the price of blood.

Pall. I could.

Leo. And ile engage thou ſha't, be this the Prologue.

Pall. Not I, keepe, keepe your money.

Leo. You doe not ſcorne my bounty.

Pall. You may gueſſe
That fortune has not doted much upon mee,
And yet I muſt refuſe it.

Leo. Your reaſon pray?

Pall. Why ten to one I ſhall ſpend it.

Leo. So tis meant.

Pall. I will make me gay a while, but I shall pawne
My Robes, and put on these agen.
Leo. Thou sha't not
While I have Fortune to preserve thee otherwise,
Pall. I say out of my love to you I must not,
I never yet tooke money upon charity,
I earn'd it in the Warre, and i'le deserue't
In peace, of you I cannot, tis my misery
To be unserviceable.
Leo. Is that your Scruple?
But that *I* know thy humor, *I* should thinke
This cunning, but you shall not, Sr, despaire,
I shall find wayes to have mention'd
In your accounts for merrits, doubt not, *I*
Will give you occasion to deserve more.
Pall. On those conditions i'le take more, and thinke the better
Of my owne life, honour'd by your imployments.
Leo. The *Duke*.

Enter Duke, Strozzi, Ascanio.

Du. Ha? *Leontio*.
Str. If *I* have any braynes, he shew'd a passion
Did not become him to your *Duchess*, Sr.
Du. Presumes he on his blood, above our favour?
Dares he but in a thought controule our pleasure,
No more, wee'le take noe knowledge, oh my Lord
You absent your selfe too much, though we confesse
Our State must owe much to your care, we would not
Your offices should wast you with imployments,
Preserve your health *I* pray——
Leo. I never did
Enioy it more then when *I* studied service,
And duties to your grace.
Du. Musicke, the minuits
Are sad i'th absence of *Ardelia*,
And moove too slow, quicken their pace with Lutes,
And voices.

A Song.

Du. No more; we will be Musicke of our selves,
And spare your Arts, thought of *Ardelia*,

Should

Should strike a harmony through every heart,
What brow lookes sad, when we command delight?
We shall account that man a Traytor to us,
That weares one sullen Cloud upon his face,
I'le read his soule in't, and by our bright Mistresse,
Then which the World containes noe richer beauty,
Punish his daring frone.

Leo. He will deserve it
Great Sir, that shall offend with the least sadnes,
Or were it so possest, yet your command
That stretches to the soule, would make it smile,
And force a bravery, severe old age
Shall lay aside his sullen gravity,
And revell like a youth, the froward Matrons
For this day, shall repent their yeares, and coldnes
Of blood, and with agen their tempting beauties
To dance like wanton Lovers.

Du. My *Leontio*,
In this then thou dost present our bosome to thee,
What's he?

Leo. A Gentleman that has deserv'd
For service in your late warres, Sir, a Captaine.

Du. He may turne Courtier now, we have no use
Of noyse, we can march here without a Drumme,
I hope we are not in arreares to him,
He haunts us for noe pay?

Leo. Your bounty beside that, hath worne their hearts.

Du. Why has he noe better cloathes? this is a day
Of Triumph.

Pall. I beseech your highnes pardon,
I ha' drunke your health in better cloathes, dispise
My Christian Buffe! this is the fruits of peace,
I'le waite on you agen. *Exit.*

Du. Wher's my *Ardelia*?
How at the name my spirits leape within me,
And the amorous winds doe catch it from my lips
To sweeten the Ayre—heaven at the sound
Lookes cleare, and lovely, and the earth put's on
A spring to welcome it, speake *Leontio*

Strozzi, Gentlemen, but she appeares.

Enter Ardelia, Valerio, Silvio.

For whom the World shall weare eternall shine,
Brightest *Ardelia*, Queene of love, and me,
Ar. The onely honor, my ambition climes too,
Is to be held your highnes humblest hand-maid.
Du. Call me thy servant, what
New charmes her lookes does throw upon my soule.
Sil How the *Duke* gazes?
Du. There is some strange divinity within her,
Is there not *Valerio*?
Val. I am not read so farre yet as divinity,
Mine is but humane learning.
Du. Speake agen,
And at thy lipps the quires shall hang to learne
New tunes, and the dull spheres but coldly imitate,
I am transform'd with my excesse of rapture,
Frowne, frowne *Ardelia* I shall forget
I am mortall else, and when thou hast throwne downe
Thy servant, with one smile exalt agen
His heart to heaven, and with a kisse breath in me
Another soule fit for thy love, but all
My language is too cold, and we wast time,
Lead on, ther's something of more ceremony
Expects our presence, *Italy* is barren
Of what we wish to entertaine *Ardelia*.
Leo. May all the pleasures thought can reach attend you.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus primi.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Bentivolio, Horatio.

Hor. BE counsell'd yet without being too ambitious
To buy a deere repentance.
Ben. Now we are
Arriv'd at Court, shame to our resolution,
I prethee do'nt tempt me to such cowardise,
Horatio I must see her, sheele not blast us,
She was lovely when our eyes saluted last,
And at my fare-well many innocent teares
Wittnest'd her sorrow, cleere as *Aprill* weepes
Into the bosome of the Spring, not see
Ardelia?
Hor. You have travel'd since, and she
Wanting noe beauty, was not over willing
To languish in your absence, how I pity thee,
But that I wod not too much vexe your folly,
Do'st thinke ther's faith in any womans eyes,
She wept at parting, a strong obligation
When they can thread their teares, and make a chaine
Of water, let me weare one o' their bracelets;
I will convince thy madnes in six words,
Admit she said she lov'd you, and to your thinking
Vow'd it, for you say you were contracted
All this is nothing. *Ben.* No.
Hor. Not this; although
You had beene married, and i'th Sheets together,
And chaffer'd earnest for a boy, 'tis nothing
It binds not.
Ben. How?
Hor. Not with a thousand witnesses.
Ben. How not bind her?
Hor. Nor any woman living, that's possest

With a wandring ſpirit, clap her in a dungeon,
Pile three Caſtles on her, yet ſhe ſhall
Breake priſon when ſhe has but the leaſt minde too't;
She le worke through a Steele-mine, to meete a friend
That ſhe likes better, with more eaſe throw up
A quarrie of Marble, than a Mole ſhall duſt,
They worke with ſpirits, man, and can doe wonders,
Eſpecially a handſome woman, from whoſe falſe
And ſly temptations, all my wits defend me.
There were ſome dealing with an Elviſh female,
That had but a courſe face, or ſay but halfe a one,
Emnaticke eyes, with no more ſight than could
Diſtinguiſh well, man from a horſe, or beare,
To keepe her from miſtake in procreation,
A noſe of many fathions, and as many
Water-workes in 'em, lips of honeſt hide,
And made to laſt, teeth of a Moores complexion,
A chinne, without all controverſie, good
To goe a fiſhing with, a witches beard on't,
With twentie other commendations, ſuch a thing
Were no miſchiefe, and a man might truſt
Her with no ſcruple in his Conſcience.

Ben. This is plaine madneſſe.

Hor. You may call it ſo,
But Ile be bound to travell further with
This Night-mare, than the fineſt fleſh and blood
You court, and call your miſtreſſe, why the Devill
With all his art, and malice will nere cuckold me.
And I ſhould leave her in hell, and goe a journey,
I ſhould be ſure at my returne to find her
Safe, and untouch'd, ſound of her winde, and limbs;
A faire, and handſome woman would not ſcape ſo:
You have my opinion now, and 'twere leſſe evill
To practiſe it, you mind not my inſtructions.

Ben. Not I.

Hor. Theſe Lectures have I read toth' City
With the ſame ſucceſſe, that Gentlemen might live honeſt,
And men have lucke to father their owne children,
But 'twill not be, you are reſolv'd to try it?

Ben.

Ben. Am I engag'd thus farre to fall backe now?
Hor. Remember where you are yet.
Ben. I am i'th Court.
Hor. Where you expect to complement with the *Dukes*——
Ben. What?
Hor. What doe you thinke? the *Dukes* married,
They say, although he love *Ardelia*,
And without question, in these parts may want
No intelligence of your purpose, and your person,
And theres no doubt, but if he find you quaile-catching,
He has power enough to coole your blood, and hers,
Should she remember what has past betweene you,
In that respect be caution'd, doe not worke
A double ruine, to sooth one vaine humour;
Eyes will beget an appetite of more neerenesse,
And how that may succeed, 'tis better feare, than prove.
Ben. I prethee fright me not with shadowes.
Hor. You are then for her substance——ile not leave you.
Ben. Ile see her did the Duke proclaime it death.
Hor. I Had rather see the Cow, with her five legges,
And all the Monsters in the market, then
Be troubled with the spectacle, but on,
Stay, yet will you but see her? will her face content you,
A farre off, without multiplying twinckles,
Ridiculous sighes, or crost armes pinion'd thus,
As the Kinght-Templers leggs are, whollie buried,
Like Taylors, no dejected lookes, as yad
Your father alive agen to send you out
To sea, with pention to maintaine you in bisket,
Poore John, and halfe a livery, which should be
Part of your governor, to read morrall vertue
And lenton Lectures to you, or if she frowne
As much as say my friend, I am not for you,
The Dukes the better Gentleman, and shall pay for't
Will you returne then with a handsome patience,
And wisely love where no man els will rivall you,
A Witch or some old woman,
Ben. I prethee leave
Thy phrenzy, thou shal't witnes ile be temperate.

Enter

Enter Valerio.

Who's this? Signior *Valerio.*

Val. Bentivolio, welcome to
Pavie, and the Court.

Ben. My friend, Sir.

Val. You both divide me.

Ben. Then *I* am no ſtranger,
In confidence of that friendſhip we both ſeal'd
In Travell.

Val. What affaires brought you to *Pavie*?

Ben. Being at large, I had curioſitie
To obſerve what might improve my knowledge here
With ſome taſte of your Court.

Val. And *I* am happie
I have ſome power to ſerve your wiſh, nor could you
Arrive to ſee it ſhine with more delight,
It is compos'd of revells, now all ayre,
Let me preſent you to the Duke.

Ben. I ſhall be honour'd to kiſſe his hand.

Val. Sha't ſee his Miſtreſſe,
The faire *Ardelia*, the Dukes no ſaint,
I may tell thee.

Hor. Pray Sir, with your favour,
Cannot the Court furniſh a Gentleman,
And need be, with an uglie face or two,
Such as would turne your ſtomacke, would content
My fancie beſt.

Val. What meanes your friend?

Ben. A humour he playes withall.

Val. He would not play with ſuch a woman, wo'd he?

Hor. Yes, and if the place be not
Too barren to afford me one ill-favoured
Enough.

Val. Nere feare it, they are common here
As Crowes, and ſomething of a hue by moone-ſhine;
Promiſe to keepe your wits, and ile preſent you.

Hor. I have a leaſe Sir, of my braines, and dare

En-

Enconnter with an armie out of *Lapland.* *Exeunt.*

Muſicke, and Song in Dialogue.

Enter the Duke, Ardelia. Fiametta, Leontio, Strozzi, Aſcanio, Silvio, Ladies.

Duk. How likes *Ardelia* this?

Ard. If it affect
Your highneſſe eare, dutie hath ſo compos'd
My will to obedience, I muſt praiſe the muſicke,
And wiſh no other object to that ſence,
Unleſſe you pleaſe to expreſſe more harmonie:
By ſome commands from your owne voice, that will
Challenge my more religious attention.

Du. What charme is in her language? ceaſe all other
(But diſcord to her accents) what a ſweet,
And winning ſoule ſhe has, is it not pity
She ſhould be leſſe than Dutcheſſe, farre above
Euphemia in beautie, and rare ſoftneſſe
Of nature, I could wonder, gaze for ever;
But I expoſe my paſſion too much
To cenſure, yet who dares diſpute our will?
Leontio looke upon *Ardelia*,
And tell me.

Leo. What Sir?

Duk. Canſt ſee nothing there?

Leo. I ſee a ſpacious field of beautie Sir.

Duk. Tis poore, and ſhort of her perfection,
Beare her this other Jewell, I will have her
Shine like a volumne of bright conſtellations,
Till all the world turne her Idolater:
When did *Euphemia* looke thus?

Leo. Never ſir.

Duk. Be Judge thy ſelfe *Leontio*, if my Dutches
Lov'd me, could ſhe denie her *Diomſio*
This happineſſe, but ſhe has a ſtubborne ſoule,
She has, and ſhall repent it.

Leo. Sir, remember

Shee is a princeſſe.

Du. You were beſt remember her,
Perhaps ſheele take it kindlie.

Leo. Sir, I hope
You have more aſſurance of my faith to you
Then to intepret——

Du. Nothing, come, all's well,
Name her noe more, how ere ſhe has diſpleaſ'd
Us, you can violate noe duty ſtill
To love her.

Leo. I ſir ?

Du. This infects delight,
Let's dance my ſweete *Ardelia.*

Leo. The *Dukes* jealous
Or i'me batraid.

Du. Leontio, Silvio, Strozzi,
The Ladies bluſh for you, they have breath'd too much.

While the Dance is

Enter Valerio, Bentivolio, Horatio.

Val. Sir, here are gentlemen deſire the grace
To kiſſe your highneſſe hand.

Du. Ardelia ſupply our Dutcheſſe abſence,

Val. It is the *Dukes* deſire by his example, you extend your
Faire hand to a payre of ſtrangers, ambitions of the
Honour.

Ard. Bentivolio?
Tis he, how my heart trembles as my frame
Would fall to peeces, doe you know that gentleman ?

Va. Yes, Madam.

Ar. Let him attend me in my lodgings
It will be worth your friend-ſhip to conduct him.

Val I ſhall.

Du. Your countenance changes, I obſerv'd
Your eyes upon that Stranger.

Ar. He revewes
The memory of a brother, I lov'd dearely,

That

That died at Sea: I ne're ſaw two ſo like.
Du. For repreſenting one ſo neare *Ardelia*,
Receive another welcome, and what favours
Your thoughts can ſtudy from our Court, poſſeſſe 'em.
Ben. You oblige my humbleſt ſervices — how now, how
Ho. Why ſcuruily, you flatter (doſt like this?
Your ſelfe into diſtruction, I ſee
The Arrow will peirce thy heart, decline it yet.
Ben. Still frantickely oppoſing.
Ho. I ha' done
Be mad, i'le give my braine to ſomewhat els,
Sir, I wod ſee a phiſnomy, though it looke
As big as the ſower winds, I ha' court-ſhip for it,
And wo'not be blowne off with an Herieano,
Yet truſt me i'le be honeſt.
Va. I beleeve you.
Ho. Onely to pleaſe my eye.
Va. What thinke you of
That Divells lanſ-ſchape, you obſerv'd not her,
Notwithſtanding her complexion, ſhe is a Lady
Uſefull at Court, to ſet of other faces,
Eſpecially the *Dukes* Miſtres, whom for that,
And ſome thing elſe his grace has recommended
To be her companion, will ſhe ſerve turne?
Did you ever ſee a more excellent wall-eye
Ho. I marry, Sir.
Va. Nay let me prepare you,
Madam dee obſerve that Gentleman,
The ſtaring Stranger, he has buſines to you,
And you will bid it welcome.
Fia. Does he know me?
Va. He inquir'd for you
By all diſcriptions — and I gueſſe he may
Be worth your favour.
Fia. Mine?
Val If ever man
Were an Idolater, he is yours, i'le bring him
To your lodgings Madam, if you pleaſe.
Fia. You'le honour me.

Du. Agen to our revells, thers noe life without being
Val. Not now? you ſhall have opportunity, (active,
And I have commiſſion to informe you ſomething,
Away here's like to be a Storme.

Enter Euphemia.

Ben. What's ſhee?
Va. Euphemia.
Str. Your *Dutches*, Sir.
Du. How dares ſhee interrupt us?
Leo. A guard about my heart, I am undone else
Each looke, and motion in her greife preſent
Such a commanding ſweetnes, if I obſerve
With the ſame eyes I ſhall betray my ſelfe.
Eup. I come not Sir, with rudenes of my language,
Or perſon to offend your mirth, although
the nature of my ſorrow is ſo wild
It may infect weake minds, and ſuch as have not
Some proofe in their owne boſomes, but to make
One, and my laſt ſuite, which when you have heard
It may appeare ſo reaſonable, and proportion'd
To what your thoughts allow me, that you will
Find eaſily a conſent to make it fortunate,
And me in the prevailing.

Ardelia offers to depart.

Du. Doe not moove
Ardelia, I am full protection here.
Eup. Ther's ſomething ſir in my requeſt to make her happy (too.
Ard. I dare not heare the *Dutcheſſe*,
Her lookes wound me.
Du. Speake your promiſing wiſhes.
Eup. Although I know not for what guilt in me
Of more then my obedience, and ſome leſſe
Beauty then dwells upon *Ardelias* cheeke,
You have exild me from your love, and boſome,
And worſe then one condemn'd by force of lawes,
For ſinne againſt your bed have ſentenc'd me
To wander with diſgrace, carv'd in my brow
The Fable of a *Dutcheſſe*, and your anger;
My deſires are you would have ſo much charity

Though

Though you have made me an out-law by your doome,
Not to compell me after all my ſhames
To be a murderer.
Du. Treaſon, our Guard.
Eup. You ſhall not trouble Sir your feares I bring
the leaſt blacke thought againſt your perſon, heaven
Avert ſo foule a ſinne, the danger all
Doth threaten me, and my life, which I thus
Moſt humbly beg may not be forc'd through blood
By my owne hands urgd by your heavy wrongs
To ſuch a deſperate mutiny, which you may
Prevent by your revenge of Law upon me.
To which, and your diſpleaſure I would yeild
My life your welcome ſacrifice, i'le praiſe
Your mercy for my death, and bleſſe the ſtroake
Devids my ſad ſoule from me.
Du. This your project?
Leo. Did you heare the *Dutchet* ſuite?
Ard. Noe, but i'le beg
It may be granted, doe not ſir deny
Your *Dutches* her deſires ſo juſt, and reaſonable;
Leo. How's this? ſhee'le pray to be rid on her,
Audacious woman
Eup. Let me riſe with horror.
Du. Ardelia knowes not what *Euphemia* ask'd.
Leo. She'le appeare cunning.
Ard. I am confident
She hath propounded nothing ill becoming.
Leo. Nothing, a very trifle, wearied with
Her injuries ſhe onely begs the *Duke*
Would be ſo kind to order with as much
Conveniency as he pleaſe, her head to be
Chop'd of, that all, and you were charitable
To joyne ſo modeſtly in the advancement
Of her deſires.
Ard. Defend it heaven,
Madam your pardon, I imagin'd not
You aym'd ſuch cruelty upon your ſelfe.
Eup. Proud, and diſſembling woman, at ſuch impudence

I take my spirit to me, and no more
Will put my breath to the expence of prayer
To be short-liv'd, I will desire to live
To see heaven drop downe justice, with such loud,
And publicke noyse of my revenge on thee,
And thy adulterate arts, as the world naming
But once *Ardelia*, shall be palsey-strucke.
I feele a new, and fiery soule within me,
Apt to disperse my rage, which feare and my
Religion would ha' stifled. Oh my fate!

Du. She raves, to prison with her, we are not safe
While she enjoyes the freedome of our ayre:
Stay (my good Genius) she carries yet
The title of our Dutches; tis our pleasure
Leontio, she be your prisoner,
But see her narrowlie confind, till we
Determine what shall follow, in what we
Limit, you not make your owne reason guide,
But on your life secure her.

Leo. Your commands
In all things I obey, most blest occasion!

Du. Foole, thou dost entertain what must undo thee,
And make you both ripe for eternall absence;
Hug *Juno* in the clouds, and court her smiles,
Though she consent not, tis enough your hand
Suspected, aud expos'd to equall danger.
You sha'not lose your ayre to plead for death,
Thus wele secure *Ardelia*.

Enp. I heare,
And with all chearefullnesse resigne my will
To imprisonment, or death; forgive the wildnesse,
And furie of my language, I repent
My wish upon *Ardelia*, may she live
To doe so too, and you to be possest
Of all joyes, Earth and Heaven can blesse your heart
May danger never in a dreame affright you, (with.
And if you thinke I live too long, tis possible,
Before you send death to conclude my sufferings,
Some thoughts of you may wither my poore heart,

And

And make your path ſmooth, to what moſt you joy in
Be not a tyrant, when I'me dead, upon
My fame, although you wiſh me not alive,
Yet ſay I was *Euphemia*, let that ſticke
Upon my Tombe, if you will grace my ſhade
With ſo much coſt, in that name is ſupplied
Enough to tell the world for whom I died.
Du. We heare too much, away with her.
Exeunt.

Finis Actus Secunda.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Bentivolio, Valerio, Horatio.

Ben. I Have given a treaſure to your boſome Sir.
Val. You ſhannot friend repent it, and this act
Of ſo much confidence, new binds my faith to you;
Contracted to *Ardelia*? I may chance make uſe of this.
Your pilgrimage ends here—— *Exit Valerio*
Hor. Doe you know
What you have done?
Ben. I have told him what
Concern'd *Ardelia*, and my ſelfe; thou wodſt
Suſpect, and chide my credulous nature, come,
He truſt him with my life.
Hor. That's done already,
He has a ſecret, much good doe him wo't,
Should ha' burnt a paſſage through my heart, and left
It aſhes, ere thad wandred from me thus,
And if you never did before, pray now
He may be honeſt to you, tis too late
To finde compunction for it, pray, and heartily
He may be dumbe.

Enter Valerio and Ardelia.

Val.

Val. Signior *Bentivolio?*

Exit Ardelia, and Bentivolio.

So, so, thats over, now ile conduct you
To your pretious Saint, unlesse your bloud turne
Coward. *Ho.* Oh, never feare it, Sir.
Val. But would you did
First tell me and discharge me of some wonder,
You have an humor of the newest fashion
I ere yet saw, and how the Court may follow't
I know not, how long have you beene possest Sir?
Ho. Possest? what Divell doe you meane? (sure?
Val. With these ilfavour'd, deform'd women, y'are bewitchd
Ho. Thou dost not know the fiends I have convers'd with.
Val. I have no ambition to be acquainted
With any Goblins, further then their knowledge
Might make me understand the ground of your
Inchantment.
Ho. Oh a world, Legions, Legions.
Val. Of what?
Ho. Of handsome women.
Val. They the cause of this? (with
Ho. Their false, and perjur'd natures, I nere met
One handsome Face that made a conscience of me.
Val. And dee' thinke to finde
More Faith in those that looke all ore like Devills?
Ho. Tis possible they may have soules, who knowes?
Howe're in my revenge, ile love, and doate on 'em,
And iustifie thy are the Sexes glorie.
Val. I have enough.

Enter Ardelia, and Bentivolio.

They are return'd, this way Sir, to your Faytie.

Exeunt.

Ar. My dearest *Bentivolio*, why dost stand
At so much gaze, and distance, as thou wod'st
Teach love unkindnesse, can these outward formes
Disguise me from thy knowledge, lets salute,
My lips retaine their softnesse, and unles

Thy

Thy love be chang'd, our breath may meet, and we
Convey the heartie meaning of our soules,
As we once did.

Ben. Y'are very brave *Ardelia*,

Ar. But have no pride without you, these are no
Glories compar'd to what I weare within,
To see thee safe, whom my feares gave up lost,
And after so much absence, doe *I* live
To embrace my *Bentivolio*?

Ben. You would have me
Beleeve I am welcome hither, faire *Ardelia*,
Pardon, I know not yet what other name
To call you by, and if *I* wrong your titles,
Be gentle to my ignorance, this hand
You gave me once, when no ambition frighted
The troth we vow'd, our chast simplicity
Durst kisse without a shame, or feare to be
Divorc'd by greatnes, tell me, sweet *Ardelia*,
When *I* did court thy Virgin faith, and paid
An innocent tribute to thy most chast lip,
When we had spent the day with our discourse,
And night came rudely in to part us, what
Were then thy usuall dreames? how many visions
Were let into thy sleepe, thou shouldst be great,
Torne from my bosome, to enrich thy selfe,
And a Dukes armes? and that a time should come,
When I, the promisd Master of this wealth,
Should thus present my selfe a beggar to thee,
And count thy smiles a charitie?

Ard. What meanes
My *Bentivolio* by this passionate language?

Ben. I doe confesse *I* was compell'd to be
An exile from thee, in obedience to
My father, who would trust me to the Seas,
Or any land, ere leave me to this shipwracke,
For so his anger sinn'd against thy beautie,
Whilst the Idoll Gold grac'd not thy fairer Temple,
Yet when we plighted hearts, *Ardelia*,
I tied with mine an everlasting contract,

And did expect at my returne to have found
Thine spotles.
Ard. Tis the same.
Ben. The same to me?
What makes you here then? doe not, doe not flatter
Thy guilt so much. Is not this *Pavies* Court?
Ardelias Court indeed, for she rules here,
The Lady *Paramount*, whilst the *Duke* himselfe
Bowes like a subject!
Ar. Be not, Sir too credulous,
And with too apprehensive thoughts doe injury
To that which you should cherish, the *Duke* is——
Ben. Youle say none of your subiect,
He is a prince,
Prince of your Province, writs *Ardelia* his,
Tis ravish'd all from me, and I am become
A stranger to my owne, nay stand, and see
My treasure rifled, all my wealth tane from me,
And dare not question the injurious power
That revells in my glory, but canst thinke
I will be cold for ever, that all seeds
Of man lie dead within me, and my soule
Sunke in my phlegme, will never rise to forme
Some iust revenge? thinke there are then noe furies,
Ard. You come to threaten not to love, and having
Already by long absence made a fault,
To quit your selfe would lay a staine on me,
Tis not well done.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The *Duke*. *Exit.*
Ben. The *Duke*?
Ard. Tis possible
He may not feare your anger.
Ben. I'le squat then
Behind this Hedge, this Garden hath quient shades,
I hope you'le not betray me.
Ard. This the forme
Of your revenge.

Enter

Enter Duke.

Du. My faire *Ardelia*
Excuſe me if I preſſe upon thy private
Walkes, love gives a bouldnes to meane ſpirits,
But in a Princes breſt it is much more active,
And feares noe imputation, what doth fright
Thy countenance? I hope *Ardelia*
My preſence brings noe horror.

Ard. Sir, much comfort,
Whether it were my fancie or a truth
I know not.

Du. What's the matter?

Ard. You have noe ſatires
Within this ground, doe any haunte this Garden?

Du. Satiers?

Ard. As I have read 'em character'd,
So one appear'd, or I imagin'd ſo,
And as you entred hid himſelfe, they are
Halfe men———

Du. Halfe beaſts.

Ard. With Goats hornes in their fore-head,
The thought on't troubles me.

Du. The effect onely of melancholie thoughts,
Noe ſuch things are
In nature, yet i'le ſearch, and——ſtrange apprehenſion.

Ar. 'Twas more then ſhape, for it did talke to me,
And threaten me for your ſake.

Du. How? for mine?
I'le have the Trees, and Arbors all torne up,
Divels lurke here? the earth ſhall not ſecure 'em,

Ard. He ſaid he lov'd me, and accuſ'd my heart
Of periury, as we had beene contracted.

Du. More ſtrange! my guard!

Ard. Stay ſir, before you goe
Let me beſeech your luſtice in defence
Of my much injur'd honour, as you are
A Prince, I doe beſeech you ſpeake all truth,
For let him be the Divell, I'le not have

My innocence abus'd, I know not from
What fame or fond opinion voic'd of me,
By some that had more thought to serve your will
Then vertue, I was made beleeve you lov'd me,
Which though my force resisted by some practises,
You gaind my person hither, and in Court
Command my stay.

Du. Entreat, my best *Ardelia.*

Ar. You may Sir, smooth your cause, but I can fetch
A witnes from my bosome to convince
The truth I urge, yet let me not be lost
To gratitude, my soule bids me acknowledge
Never was subiect to a Prince more bound
For free, and beauteous graces, then *Ardelia*
To your highnes, and with many lives to wast
In service for them, I were still in debt to you.

Du. Tis in thy power to satisfie for all,
And leave me ten times more oblig'd to thee.

Ar. Let me for this time beg on answer from you,
Although I am not ignorant, what price
Your wild bloud would exact, speake in the eare
Of silent heaven, have you obteyn'd so much
As one stoope to your wanton avarice,
One bend to please your inflam'd appetite.

Du Not any yet, the more unkind *Ardelia.*

Ar. Speake clearely by the honour of a Prince.

Du. By better hopes I sweare, and by thy selfe.

Ar. You doe me Sir, but Justice, I will study
To pay my humblest duty, and i'le tell
When next I see the Satire——

Du. To discharge those feares, i'le presently destroy,
This Garden, and not leave shelter,
For a Bird.

Ar Your pardon,
To what wo'd my immagination lead me?
I see all was but melancholie, here was nothing.

Du. Fruits of a troubled fancie, come be pleasant,
And tell me when you will redeeme your cruelty,

It

It may incline you somewhat to remember
By what soft wayes I have persued your love,
How nobly *I* would serue you.
Ar. Love, your grace
Knowes, never was compelld.
Du. But love should find
Compassion to the wound it makes, I bleed,
And court thy gentle pity to my sufferings,
All Princes are not of so calme a temper,
Thinke of it my *Ardelia*, and reward
The modest expectations of a heart,
That in thy absence withers, but i'le have thee
To chide thy cruell thoughts, and till our lipps
Salute agen, flatter my selfe with hope
Thy nature will be wise, and kind to love,
Where tis so fairely courted. *Exit.*
Ben. Is he gone?
With what acknowledgment of my fault *Ardelia*
Shall I beseech thy pardon, I am lost
In wonder of thy innocence; 'twere just
I should suspect the truth of my owne bosome,
Thou hast too rich a goodnes.
Ar. Now you flatter,
I knew noe way o'th suddaine to convince you,
But by the *Dukes* confession, I am yet
Preseru'd my *Bentivolio*, but with what
Danger of being lost to thee, and honour
I shall remaine here, may concerne our Iealousie,
Ben. Together with the knowledge of thy vertue
Like balsome powr'd into my eare, I tooke
A poyson from the *Duke*, I find he loves thee
With a blacke purpose, and within his language
Was something worth our feare indeede, it will
Require our study, and much art, *Ardelia.*
Ar. Let's retire into my chamber, and mature
Some course for both our safeties.
Ben. I attend you.

Exeunt.

Enter Valerio, Horatio, Fiametta.

Val. I wo'not stay three minutes, ile but step aside for distillation, I leave you the pleasure of your eyes. *Exit*

Ho. Well, goe thy waies.

Fia. Doe you not mocke me Sir, shall I beleeve
A Gentleman of your neate, and elegant making,
Can stoope to such a creature as I am.

Ho. Will you have me sweare?

Fia. By no meanes.

Ho. Then I wo'not,
But I will give it thee under my hand,
Read that.

Fia. What's this?

Ho. Something to shew I hate all handsome women.

Fia. Is't a song?

Ho. It may be, with a voice, and tune put too't,
Ile reade it. *He reads.*

Enter Valerio, with Aurelia, and Macrina veild.

Val. I am come agen Sir, and choose, rather then
To afflict you with expectation,
To bring my company along, you may
Salute 'em if you please.

Ho. They are not welcome.

Val. Will you beleeve me now?

Aur. If we may trust our eies.

Ho. Ladies you must excuse me, I affect
No vulgar beauties, give me a complexion
Cannot be match'd agen in twenty kingdomes,
You have eies, and nose, and lips, and other parts
Proportion'd.

Aur. Sure the Gentlemans distracted.

Ho. No, I am recover'd, I thanke my starres,
To know, and heartily abhorre such faces,
What come they hither for? dee' know 'em Madam?

Fia.

Fia. I had no purpoſe they ſhould be my gueſts
At this time, th'are court Ladies, I confeſſe,
Signior *Valerio* this was your plot.
Val. My pure intention, Madam, to doe you
Service, I knew they were not for his pallate.
Theſe will inflame his appetite to you,
And ſet you off, meere foiles to you doe they
Looke as they were ambitious to be
Compar'd with you.
Fia. Noble ſir, although
I have not beautie like theſe Ladies.
Ho. How? you ha' not beautie, take heed doe not
Your ſelfe unthankfull to wiſe nature, do not (ſhew
They ha' not wealth enough in all their bodies
To purchaſe ſuch a noſe.
Mac. Ha, ha.
Ho. Ha, ha, good Madam Kickſhaw,
That laugh to ſhew how many teeth you have.
Val. Be not uncivill Sir.
Ho. Why does that Fayrie grin then?
I'le juſtifie there is more worth, and beautie,
Conſider'd wiſely, and as it preſerves
Man in his wits, and ſence, than can be read
I'th volumne of their flattering Generations.
Good Madam looke a ſquint, a little more,
So, keepe but that caſt with your eies, and tell me
Whoſe ſight is beſt, hers that can ſee at once
More ſeverall waies then there are points i'th Com-
Or theirs that lookes but point-blancke. (paſſe,
Mac. A new way
To commend the eies.
Ho. You thinke your fore-head pleaſes.
Whoſe top with frizled, and curld haire beſet,
Appeares like a white cliffe, with reeds upon't;
Your noſe, which like an *Iſthmus* parts two Seas.
Aur. Seas? you meane eies agen.
Val. What of their noſe?
Ho. Will be in danger, with continuall beating
Of waves, to waſh the paint off, and in time

May

May fall, and put you to the charge of building
A ſilver bridge for praiſes to paſſe over.
Mac. We'l barre your commendations.
Ho. It ſha'not need,
I doe not melt my wits to verſe upon
Such ſubject, here's an inſtrument to ſmell with,
Tough as an Elephants trunke, and will hold water.
Val. It has a comely length, and is well ſtudded
With gems of price, the gold-ſmith wo'd bid money
Aur. Is he not mad? (for't.
Ho. I can aſſure you no,
And by this token I would rather be
Condemn'd to'th Gallies, then be once in love
With either of your phiſnomies.
Mac. Is't poſſible?
Ho. You may put your whole faith upon't.
Val. Dee beleeve him?
Madam.
Aur. Methinkes this is the prettieſt mirth,
You have a mighty wit, could you be angry
I love you for't.
Mac. His humor takes me infinitely.
Ho. It does, and you doe love me for't?
Mac. Moſt ſtrangely.
Ho. I would you did, and heartily.
Mac. What?
Ho. Love me.
Mac. So well, I could be happy in thy wife.
Ho. Could Fate make me ſo miſerable if I did not
In leſſe than a ſennight breake thy heart, ſhu'dſt
Cuckold me at my owne perill.
Val. This Lady has
A mightie eſtate.
Ho. Tis all the fault ſhe has,
Would ſhe had none, had ſhe no houſe, nor clothes,
Nor meanes to feed, yet I would ſooner marry,
Obſerve, this naked ſalvage, then embrace
The faireſt woman of the earth, with power
To make me Lord of *Italy*, I ſhould alwayes

Enjoy my health.
Val. Her very face would keepe
Your bodie ſoluble.
Ho. No feares compell me
To be a priſoner to my dining-roome,
I might hawke, hunt, and travell to both *Indies*.
Aur. Give any Doctor leave to give her Phiſicke.
Mac. Or change of Ayre.
Val. Save much in your owne diet,
Which elſe would call for Amber-greece, and rootes,
And ſtirring cullices.
Aur. You might allow her
To viſit Maskes and Playes.
Val. And the Bordellos,
I thinke ſhe would be honeſt.
Ho. And thats more
Then any Chriſtian conſcience dare aſſure
By oath on your behalfe — to be ſhort Ladies,
Howe're you may interpret it my humour,
Mine's a *Platonicke* love, give me the ſoule,
I care not what courſe fleſh, and blood inſhrine it;
Preſerve your beauties, this will feare no blaſting:
I beg you call me ſervant.
Aur. Did you heare him?
Fia. You muſt acknowledge then *I* am your Miſtreſſe.
Ho. *I*le weare your Perriwig for my Plume, and boaſt
More honour int, than to be minion
To all the Ladies of the Court, deere Miſtreſſe
If you can love a man, jeere 'em a little.
Fia. Faire Ladies will you in, and taſte a banquet,
Be not diſcountenanc'd that this Gentleman
Is merrie with your beauties, the Spring laſts
Not all the yeare, when nature that commands
Our regiment will ſay, faces about,
We may bee in faſhion, no controwling deſtiny.
Paſſion, who curld your haire? here wanteth powder,
Who is your Mercer, Madam? *I* would know
What your cheeke ſtands you in a weeke in Taffata?
Your face at diſtance ſhewes like ſpotted Ermine.

Ho. Or like a dish of white-broth strew'd with Currains.
Fia. Right servant, that was a more proper simily,
Discretion should ha put more ceruse here,
Your fucus was ill made, d'ee you not lie
In a maske all night, Madam.
Va. Thou dost in a vizard
I will be sworne how the rude Gipsie triumphs.
Ho. Enough, they now begin to swell, and sweate,
Let's leave 'em. *Exeunt.*
Va. What a *Hecate* was this?
Will you not be reveng'd?
Aur. Yes, if we knew
By what convenient stratagem.
Va. I have it,
There is another creature of my acquaintance,
If you have faith more monstrous then this beldam,
I will possesse her with this gentlemans humor,
And skrew her up to be this witches rivall, what thinke you (of that?
An. Will it not make her mad?
Ma. I wo'd goe a pilgrimage to see't, 'twill be
A mirth beyond the Beares.
An. Loose no time then.
Val. I'le fit him with a female fury, such
As the Divell with a pitch-forke will not touch.
Come Madam. *Exit.*

Enter Leontio, Euphemia.

Leo. Have comfort Madam,
I prophecy your sufferings are short-liv'd.
Eup. You meane I shall die shortly.
Leo. We shall find
Lesse want of all the Starres, the aged World
May spare their light, while 'tis possest of yours,
Which once extinguish'd, let those golden fires
Quite burne themselves to ashes, in whose heape
Day may be lost, and frighted heaven weare blacke
Before the generall doome, have bolder thoughts,
And bid us all live in your onely safety.

Eup.

Eup. Let not your fancy mocke the loft *Euphemia*?
Leo. Let not the apprehenſion of your ſorrow
Deſtroy your hope, ſhould the *Duke* never wake
His ſences ſteep'd in his adulterate lethargy,
You cannot want protection, nor your will
To be reveng'd, an arme to puniſh his
Contempt of ſo much beauty.
Eup. How my Lord?
Leo. What *Scithian* can behold an outrage done
Upon theſe eyes, and not melt his rough nature
In ſoft compaſſion to attend your teares?
Eup. My Lord I know not with what words to thanke
Your feeling of my ſufferings. I will now
Beleeve I am not loſt to all the World;
You are noble, and I muſt be confident
Theſe ſtreames flow from your charity.
Leo. Doe not injure
The unvalued wealth of your owne honour Madam,
Let poore deſerts be worth our charity,
All ſacrifice of greiſe for you is Juſtice,
And duty to the Alter of your merrit,
Theſe drops are pale, and poorely ſpeake my heart,
Which ſhould diſſolve into a purple flood,
And drowne this little Iland in your ſervice,
Name ſome imployment that you may beleeve
With what true ſoule I honour you, oh Madam
If you could read the Volume of my heart,
You would find ſuch a ſtory of you there.
Eup. Of me?
Leo. Tis that keepes me alive, I have noe uſe
Of memory, or reaſon, but in both
To exerciſe devotion to your excellence.
Eup. My Lord I underſtand you not.
Leo. You are
More apprehenſive if you wod but thinke ſo,
In vaine I ſtill ſuppreſſe my darke thoughts Madam,
Which in their mutiny to be reveal'd
Have left a heape of ruines worth your pity.
Oh doe not hide that beauty ſhould repaire

What my love to it hath decay'd within me,
For I muſt ſay I love, although you kill
My ambition with a frowne, and with one angry
Lightning, ſhot from your eye, turne me to aſhes.

Eup. Good heaven!

Leo. I know what you will urge againſt me,
You ſhannot need to arme your paſſion,
I will accuſe my ſelfe, how much I have
Forgot the diſtance of one place beneath you,
And wounded my obedience, that I am
Falſe to the *Duke*, the truſt impoſ'd upon me,
And to his favor which have made me ſhine
A Starre, on whom the other emulous lights
Looke pale, and waſt their envies, I confeſſe
I have not in the ſtocke of my deſert
Enough to call one bounteous ſmile upon me,
My whole life is not worth your liberall patience,
Of one, one minute ſpent in prayer to ſerue it,
Yet after all wiſh'd deſtiny commands
The poore *Leontio* to love *Euphemia*.

Eup. What doe I heare? conſider ſir, againe.

Le. I have had contentions with my blood, & forc'd
Nature retire, and tremble with the guilt
Of her proud thoughts, ſeeking to make eſcape
Through ſome ungentle breach made by our conflict,
But noe prevailing againſt love, and fate,
Which both decree, me loſt without your mercie.
Oh bid me live, who but in your acceptance
Shall grone away my breath, and whither till
I turne my owne ſad monument.

Eup. Noe more,
Iſt poſſible new miſeries ſhould oretake
Euphemia? Oh my Lord! with what offence
Have I deſerv'd, after my weight of ſorrow,
Your wounds upon my honour? call agen
Your noble thoughts, and let me not reply
To your vnjuſt deſires, if I muſt anſwer them,
Take my moſt fixt reſolve, ere I conſent
To wrong *Dionyſio*.

Leo. Stay.

Eup. May I be blasted,
Though with contempt he looke upon me now,
His blood may cleare, and he returne to challenge
Euphemias piety, our vow was made
For life my Lord, and heaven shall sooner fall,
And mixing with the elements make new *Chaos*,
Then all mans violence, and wrath upon me
Betray one thought to breake it.

Leo. Loose not all
Your peace at once, vouchsafe I may waite on you.

Eup. I know my prison.

Leo. Let me hope in this,

Enter Pallante.

My pardon seal'd *Pallante*?

Pall. My good Lord.

Leo. Your humble creature Madam, though the *Duke*
Confine your person, thinke upon your prisoner.

Exeunt Euphemia, and Pall.

Our vow was made for life, 'twas so how swift
An apprehension love has? but hee's *Duke*;
Conscience be waking, I shall lanch into
A Sea of blood els, steere my desperate soule
Diviner goodnes.

Enter Pallante agen.

How I start at shaddowes?
Love take me to thy charmes, and prosper me
Pallante thou art faithfull.

Pall. To you my Lord,
May I be ever els condemn'd to an Hospitall.

Leo. And darst assist to make me happy.

Pall. Yes,
Though with the hazard of my throat-cutting,
I hope Sir, you suspect not, name an action
Though it looke n ere so gastly, see how much
I'le tremble at it.

Leo. In thy eare.

Pall. Once more —

Tough service i th beginning, may I not thinke on't?

Leo. Yes.

Pall. And aske my selfe a question ere I answere.

Leo. You may.

Pal. At first dash kill the Duke, no lesse
To begin withall, how now *Leontio*?
Was there no other life but this, for saving
Of mine so often? he has trusted me,
To whom shall I turne traitor? pray my Lord,
Are you in earnest? would you have this done?

Leo. Aske one, whom tyrannie hath chain'd to th oare,
For ever forfeited to slaverie,
Whether he would not file off his owne bondage,
And in the blood of him that owns the Gally
Swimme to his freedome.

Pall. Doe you apprehend it
So necessary? why ile doe my poore endeavour,
Nay, tis but modest, if t concerne your Lordship
In that degree, ile doo't, you will have some
Convenient care of me, when tis dispatchd,
He scorn'd my valiant Buffe, I thought upon't,
You are the next in blood, when *Dionisio*
Visits the wormes.

Leo. Thou giv'st me a new life,
With the same care ile cherish thee *Pallante*.

Pall. And you doe not,
It is not the first conscience hath been cast
Away in a great mans service, cheere your heart Sir.

Leo. It is not mine *Pallante*, I have lost
The use, and sway, tis to anothers growne,
And I have but the ruines of my owne.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus tertii.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Horatio, and Fiametta, dancing a Coranto.

Ho. SO, ſo, now let's releeve our lungs a while,
They'l tire, I nere met with ſuch a dancing Divell,
My Deſtinies take me to your charge, 'twill give
Us breath, if the Muſitians exerciſe
Their voice upon the ſong I made, come ſit.
Fia. You ſhall command me ſervant, now, the ſong,

Song.

Enter Servant.

Ser. The Lady *Aurelia*, Madam, and *Macrina*
Are come agen to viſit you.
Fia. I am not
In tune for their diſcourſe, ſay, I am buſie.
Ho. By no meanes, ſhe has a plot upon me.
Fia. Then ile meet em.
Ho. Do not feare but I am fortified;
Here were a purchaſe now, and penſion with
A Miſtreſſe, many a proper mans profeſſion,
Nature meant ſhe ſhould pay for't, and maintaine
A man in fidlers, fooles, and running-horſes,
Here were no feare of any Lords returne
From Tennis, no ſuſpition at home,
To force her to a politicke pilgrimage
To trie the vertue of ſome well, no kinſmen,
With lookes to keepe the fleſh in awe, no children
To cry, and fright the houſe, their mothers ſmother'd.

Enter Fiametta, Aurelia, Macrina.

They are here.

Mac.

Mac. I wonder at *Valerios* ſtay.
Aur. He wo'not be long abſent, never feare madam.
Ho. Ladies, I have no power to bid you welcome,
Or if I had you wod ſcarce thanke me for t,
You know my mind already.

Enter Scolopendra led by Valerio.

Aur. See hee's come,
And his *Beare* with him.
Val. Signior,
You ſee what care I have to provide for you,
There is not ſuch another dapple-mare i'th Dukedome,
Unleſſe this face content you, you may ſtay
Till the *Cretan* Lady goe to Bull againe,
Or *Africke* have more choice of Monſters for you.
Ho. I am raviſh'd.
Fia. How's that ſervant, ha? a rivall.
Ho. Pray whats her name?
Val. Her name is *Scolopendra.*
Ho. Scolopendra? I have read of her, what kinne is ſhe
To the Serpent with a hundred legges?
Val. I know not
But ſhe is Coſen-germane to the *Salamander*
She was a Cooke-maide once, ſo inur'd to fire,
And tough, the flames of hell will hardly ſcortch her.
Ho. An admirable Dragon, can ſhe ſpeake?
Will ſhe not ſpit fire if I ſhould ſalute her?
Ile venter.
Val. He has preſervative
Againſt the odor of her lungs.
Aur. He had need
Of fortification for his eyes.
Ho. Not all
The ſpices in *Arabia* are like
Her breath.
Val. Oh Sir, beleev't, right *Stix*, moſt pure *Avernus.*
Sco. Sir, I did never ſee a Gentleman
Whom *I* did wiſh more heartily my husband.
Val. To beget Scorpions on her.

Ho.

Ho. Thanke thee my precious *Scolopendria*, but
I have a kind of feare thou wot be unconstant,
Shall noe man get thee from me, here's a face
Is worth my jealousie, and who lookes upon't,
But with my eyes will be as mad as I am.
Sco. The needles not more constant to the North.
Ho. But for all that, the needles wavering
I would be certaine.
Fia. They conspir'd to wrong me,
I feare hee's taken with her more deformity,
Will you forsake me servant?
Ho. Hum stand off,
And give my eyes play further yet, your shadowe,
Are yet to neare—my judgment is confounded,
Consider one thing with another, they are both
Such matchles toads, I know not which to choose:
You have an excellent eye, but there's a pearle
In hers, noe Gold-smith knowes the value on't.
Fia. Observe the colours in my eye.
Ho. Y'are right Madam,
As many, and more bright then those i'th raine-bow
Delightfull as the Parrats plume, but then
Her for-head ———
Va. So like a promontory or—
Ho. A Feild of Hony-suckles, and Poppy-flowers
Embroder'd with Dazies, and embossd
With Yellow-warts which like to Mole-hills swell,
Va. Where many Emmets hunt, and sport themselves
I'th Sunne, till to her haire a quickset hedge
I'th evening they retire.
Ho. But twixt her eyes
You may discerne a Forrest, some higher timber
Is so well growne, that fashion d on the top
With scissers, and cut poynted like a pyramide,
The World will take her for an Unicorne.
Aur. Good beetle-browes.
Sco. Sir, you must be my champion.
Va. Examine but this nose.
Sco. I have a toter.

Va. Which plac'd with symmetry is like a Fountaine
I'th middle of her face —— distilling Rhewme,
And at two spouts doth water all her Garden.
Ho. But here's one soft as twere compos'd of wax.
Aur. A nose of wax!
Mac. It will melt presently.
Ho Not stubborne, but submits to any shape,
Sheele put upon't round, flat when she is pleas'd
She can extend, and hang it with such art
Over her mouth, that when she gapes into
The Sunne, and shewes her Teeth, you will imagine
You see a perfect Dyall in her Chaps,
To tell you what a clocke tis, then her Lips.
Va. I see not so much red there, as will make
A Dominicall Letter, looke upon these Cheekes ——
Sco. I never painted, Sir.
Va. Here's red enough.
Ho. Which hideously disposd, and mixt with blacke,
The ground of her complexion will mortifie
The most unnaturall concupiscence,
While her cheekes represent in curious Land-schape,
Gomorrah, and her sister *Sodome* burning.
Va. That comparison was home.
Ho. But she has a breath,
A more preservative then *Methridate*
Va. But with one kisse she will preserve you from
The infection, and with stronger force repell
The poyson of the Ayre.
Sco. I thanke you sir,
I have a strong breath indeed
Va. When she is moov'd
Sheele kill you with her phlegme, fower score point blancke,
The innocent part of it will staine a Marble,
Let me alone to commend thee.
Fia. She carries not destruction like my tongue
Employd upon thy enemies *Horatio.*
The Bells rung backwards, or the Mandrakes cry,
Wolves howling at the Moone, the Scritch-owles dirge,
The Hiens voice, the groanes of parting soules,

Added

Added to theſe, what is in nature killing,
To the eare is not more fatall then my tongue
When it is bent on miſcheife, ſhall I blaſt
This Witch to begin withall?

Sco. Blaſt me?

Va. Belch back-wards,
And then ſhee's a dead woman.

Sco. I'le teare your Snakes.

Fia. Mine *Hecate.*

Va. Well ſaid *Scolopendra.*

Ho. They wonot skirmiſh.

Va. The Divells will runne at tilt.

Au. Madam ſuffer this?

Fia. Compare with me?

Va. Sa, ſa, ſa, now ſound a point of Warre.

Enter a ſervant.

Ser. Madam the *Duke.*

Va. His grace has ſpoild the duell,
And we muſt ſound retreat.

All goe forth but Fiam. Enter Duke, Silvio, Aſcanio, Valerio returns, and falls in with the reſt.

Du. We truſted to your art about *Ardelia,*
She makes noe haſt to our delight.

Fia. And pleaſe
Your highnes I have had a ſtrange hand with her,
And I muſt tell you ſhe was pretty comming
Untill the ſtranger came.

Du. What ſtranger.

Fia. Signior *Bentivolio*
Nay I know nothing by 'em, but he has
A moſt prevailing tongue upon a gentle-woman.

Du. My feares I have I advanc'd him to ſupplant me?

Va. Bentivolio ſo gracious with the *Duke?*

Sil. Hee's courted next *Ardelia.*

Aſc. Tis for her
We may imagine the *Duke* graces him.

Va. Oh there is noe ſuch inſtrument, beleeve it
As a Court-Lady to advance a gentleman,
Or any maſculine buſines, they are Sticklers

Enter Bentivolio.

Du. No more. Signior *Bentivolio.*
Fia. Where's *Horatio.*
Va. He was a fraid you might kill one another,
And so hee's gon to hang himselfe.
Fia. Better all
Thy generation were executed, but I must to my charge
Ben. Your highnes powers
Such infinite graces on me I shall want
Life to expresse my pious duties, though
Time should assure me ages.
Du. Thanke *Ardelia,*
Or if you would expresse your gratitude
To me.
employ your wit, and tongue, to gaine
That Lady to our close embrace, you have
A powerfull language, be it your first service
We doe not place this confidence on all.
Ben. You meane *Ardelia.*

Enter Strozzi.

Du. That faire one, *Strozzi.*
Va. Well Signior *Bentivolio,* my quondam
Friend, and fellow traveller, you owe
To me a part of your Court exaltation,
And least you should forget, as few great men
Are guilty of good memories, I meane
To pay my selfe.
Ben. I must not appeare troubled.
Va. I congratulate your favor with the *Duke,*
And thinke it, not the least of my owne happines
That I was a poore instrument——
Ben. You honour'd me,
And shall command my services; how sped
My friend *Horatio?*
Va. He gave me thankes
Ha fired him, you mist excellent sport;

Ben.

Ben. I ſhall have time to enquire, and thanke you for
The Storie, you know how to excuſe me friend,
If ſome engagements force me hence? *Exit.*
Va. Why ſo.
He has the tricke already, full of buſines,
Court agitations, he is yet ſcarce warme,
How will he uſe us when his pride boyles over?
A nod will be a grace, while we ſtand bare,
And thanke him for the ruffling of his countenance,
And diſcompoſing his Court face, that's bound
Upon ſome State affaires, tis very well.
Du. Give him acceſſe, thou haſt ſhew'd diligence,
And truſt me to reward it.
Str. Tis my duty ſir. *Exit Strozzi.*
Va. I have ſome intelligence wil be worth your hearing too.
Du. Speake Signior *Valerio.*
Va. Doe you know the gentleman
Whom you have grac'd ſo lately.
Du. Signior *Bentivolio.*
Va. That's his name, but doe you know his nature?
Or his buſines in theſe parts.
Du. Prethee inſtruct me.
Va. You doe but warme a Serpent in your boſome,
In ſhort he loves your Miſtres.
Du. Ho's?
Va. More is contracted,
And they both practiſe cunning, I ha' ſearch'd
His heart — your care —
Sil. The *Duke* ſeemes moov'd,
Aſc. Moſt ſtrangely!

Enter Strozzi, Ballante.

Du. Expect a while.
Str. Humbly your graces pleaſure.
Va. Your highnes ſhall not waſt a paſſion,
I am of counſell with his thoughts, and will
Preſent him ripe to your juſt anger, truſt me
To manage things a while.

Du. Honeſt *Valerio.*
Val. Keepe your face ſmooth, leaſt he interpret Sir,
I ha' betraid him, ere his head be readie
For the execution, it were neceſſary
I ſhould examine her pulſe too.
Duk. *Ardelia's?*
Val. *I*le creepe into her ſoule to bring you all
The beſt intelligence.
Duk. Precious *Valerio!*
Endeare me by this ſervice, thou haſt my heart.
Val. My dutie ſhall preſerve it.
Duk. *Strozzi.*
Str. This is the gentleman, an't pleaſe
Your highneſſe, can diſcover moſt ſtrange things.
Pall. To your private eare.

Enter Ardelia.

Duk. *Ardelia?* my beſt health,
Deare as my ſoule, *I* cannot be long abſent. *Exit.*
Val. So, how ſhall I begin now?
Madam, I have a ſuit to you.
Ard. To me
Noble *Valerio*, be confident
For your owne worth, if any power of mine
Can ſerve your wiſh, you ſhall not finde me ſlow
To exerciſe it.
Val. Yes, tis in your power.
Ard. Preſume tis finiſhd then.
Val. *I*n your free power,
Without the Duke, or other to confirme it.
Y'are fleſh, and blood.
Ard. What meane you?
Val. No other than *I* ſay, nor wiſh it other,
A woman is a partner in the frailty
Of humane nature, and knowes how to excuſe
The errors of our blood, and yet you ſhall
Have cauſe to give me thanks, when you conſider
My ſence, and your owne ſtate, what dee thinke

Of me?

Ard. For what?

Val. For what you pleaſe to call it,
My perſons not contemptible, though I be
No Duke, *I* can behave my ſelfe to pleaſe
Where *I* am accepted.

Ard. Whats your purpoſe Signior?

Val. You cannot ſure be ignorant of my meaning,
Theres not a girle of ſeaven yeares old, but will
Expound it readily, here we ſucke this language
And our milke together, *I* could have us'd
More circumſtance, have prais'd you into folly,
And when I had put out both your eies with Metaphors,
Lead you to my deſires, and to your pillow:
But 'twas about, I could have ſaid I lov'd you,
Lookd ſad, and ſqueez'd my eies, have ſigh'd perhaps,
And ſworne my ſelfe quite over breath, that *I*
Thought you a Saint, and my heart ſuffer'd more
Than the ten perſecutions; hang't, time's precious,
I take the neereſt way, which your diſcretion
Will like me for, yet *I* can love you too,
And would for thy embrace forget aſmuch
Goodneſſe, and tempt as many miſchiefes as,
Another man, I hope you underſtand me.

Ard. I am loſt, and ſee a blacke conſpiracie.

Val. You ſhall ſee me naked. I ha' no conſpiracies,
Carrie no private engines more then nature
Arm'd me withall, be wiſe and doe not tremble.

Ar. How dare you be thus inſolent? though my per-
Move you to no regard, you ſhall finde one ſſon
Will teach you manners.

Val. You would meane the Duke now.

Ar. Has that name no more reverence owing to it?

Val. Yes, *I* deſire no better judge, he'l heare
Us both, and equally determine all;
Let's to his highneſſe ſtreight.

Ar. What meanes this rudeneſſe?

Va. You are the Dukes game-royall, or els ſhould
Be the miſtris of his thoughts, whoſe nod does make

Us

Us tremble, and in time may be the *Dutcheſſe*,
Unles your ſweete heart *Bentivolio*
Snap you before him.

Ar. Ha?

Va. What fine netts you walke in,
You are noe ſugler, there has paſt noe contract
Betwixt you, and the gallant, no? and while,
The honeſt eaſie *Duke*, whoſe ſpirit raiſe not,
Doates on that face, humbled beneath a ſubject,
You have noe private meetings, change no kiſſes,
Nor hot carreers, alas hee's but a Stranger
Whom you reſpect but for the bare reſemblance
Of a dead brother; there's noe flame in you
But what lights you to charity; I waſt breath,
The *Duke* is yet that tame thing, you ha' left him,
His ſoule in a dreame, let not your folly,
And peeviſh oppoſition to receive
Me to your armes, wake him into a tempeſt,
The lightning cannot moove more nimbly, then
His rage to both your deaths, your *Ganimede*
Will find the *Dukes* revenge in his hot blood,
When his heart weeping the laſt drope ſhall have
Noe pity waite upon 'em, that durſt feed
The rivall to a Prince, though common men
For want of power, and courage to revenge
Neglect their ſhame, wild Princes that know all things,
Beneath their feete but heaven, obey noe fate,
And but to be reveng'd will hazard that.

Ar. I am undone for ever.

Va. Not ſo Madam,
You ſhall lead deſtiny in cords of Silke,
And it ſhall follow tame, and to your pleaſure,
The *Duke* knowes nothing yet, you ſhall ſeale up
My lip to eternall ſilence of your love,
If I may but injoy you, you ſhall rule
With the ſame ſway his boſome, and poſſeſſe
Your wealth in *Bentivolio* too, I'me but
A friend or rather ſervant, that ſhall be
Proud of your ſmile, and now, and then admitted

To

To kiſſe you when the Curtaines drawne, and ſo forth.
Ar. Who plac'd me on this precipice ſir, heare me,
Tis vaine to aske how you deriv'd the knowledge
Of what I thought conceal'd, you are a gentleman.
Va. That does appeare by my deſires.
Ar. Have yet ſome mercy
On a diſtreſſed maid.
Va. Maid? thanke you for that, I wo'd you were
Indeed, virginity is wiſer then
Men take it for, and therefore we diſtinguiſh,
There is one virginity in the wedge, or bullion
As we may ſay, and this we call lunor maiden-head,
And there's another in the coine, the gold
Is not leſſe gold for the impreſſion,
Your maiden-head is currant in this ſence.
And in this maiden-ſence you may give Milke.
Ar. By all the goodnes that I wiſh were in you,
Not *Bentivolio*, whom you thinke I moſt
Affect, hath more of me then virgin knowledge,
Nor hath the *Duke* with all his flatteries
Wrong'd my firſt State, although I muſt confeſſe
He every day expects my fall from vertue,
Doe not you more ſir, then the divell could,
Taking advantage of my wretched fortune,
Betray me to a ſhame will kill us both,
In fame, and ſoule.
Va. In fame? who ſhall reveale it?
And tother may repeat.
Ar. Sir, can you kill me?
Va. No, no I ſha'not hurt thee, women are not kil'd
That way, I meane to skirmiſh, come you may
Save all with little ſtudy, and leſſe hazard.
What is the toy we talke of? eyther reſolve
Or the *Duke* knowes all, and perhaps more.
Ar. Stay ſir.
Va. Yes, yes Madam I can ſtay, and be till
To morrow for the ſport, I am not ſo hot
But I can bath, and coole my ſelfe.
Ar. Can you

Be juſt hereafter if to buy my owne,
And my friends ſafety at ſo deare a value.
Va. I'le cut my tongue out e're reveale my tongue,
All my concupiſcence, and the cauſe, I will
Submit to thy owne carving; feare not me,
I hate a blab worſe then an honeſt woman,
Why ſo? this wiſdome is becoming thee,
Noe blubbering, kiſſe me, and be confident,
A prety rogue, to morrow ſhall we meete?
Ar. Woe is me to morrow.
Va. No, thou ſhalt laugh to morrow,
I'le come to thy owne lodgings, that's but reaſon,
Far-well, another kiſſe, be comforted,
And ſafe, the *Duke* knowes nothing, all ſhall live,
And wee'le be very loving, mighty merry.
Ar. I muſt doe ſomething to prevent this Divell.
Exit Ardelia.
Va. Why ſo, this bargaine was well made, and timely.

Enter Leonato.

Leo. I have noe peace within me, till I heare
How bould *Pallante* thriver, oh love upon
What deſperate actions doſt thou engage us?
With ſcorne of oppoſition, like a fire
Which till it turne all that his flame can meete with
Into it ſelfe, expires not; faire *Euphemia!*
Bright in thy ſorrowes, on whom every teare
Sits like a wealthy Diamond, and inherits
A Starry luſtre from the eye that ſhed it,
The *Duke* muſt die — have I betray'd my ſelfe.
Va. Hold, my Lord you know me.
Leo. For *Valerio.*
But muſt hand-backe that ſecret, 'twas not ment
So early for thy knowledge, from thy boſome
I'le teare or drowne it in thy blood, paſt ſearch
Of dangerous intelligence.
Va. Hold my Lord,
You ſhall not neede,

Thinke

Thinke my Lord I know
The World, and how to keepe a ſecret too,
Though treaſon be contain'd in't, I am not
So holy as you take me, my good Lord
For ſome ends of my owne, I wiſh the *Duke*
In another VVorld as heartely as your Lordſhip,
And will aſſiſt to his conveyance thither,
Though I be quarter'd for't, that's faire, and friendly,
You love *Euphemia*, why tis not amiſſe,
I love *Ardelia*, (I truſt you my Lord)
You for the wife, I for the concubine,
How could the *Duke* being in heaven, hurt me now?
You are his kinſman, were his favourite.

Leo. How's that?

Va. Oh ſir, there is a gentleman my rivall,
One *Bentivolio* got a round above you
In favour ———

Leo. He ſhall die.

Va. No, let him live
A litle while, to kill his highnes firſt,
And take your owne time then to turne the ladder.

Enter Bentivolio.

Leo. Thou talkſt a miſtery.

Va. It ſhall be cleare,
Be adviſd, and ſecond me my honor'd friend,
You, and my Lord be more familiar.

Leo. Sir, I ſhall ſerve you.

Ben. Make me happy
My Lord, by your commands.

Va. Ardelia
Your Miſtris is in health — nay be not ſtirrd,
I have done you a curteſie by acquainting
My Lord how things ſtand, and introth he pities you,
We have had a counſell meerely concern'd you,
And the poore gentlewoman, whom the *Duke* has not
Yet lur'd to fiſt.

Ben. I know not how to thanke you.

Va. Hee's next heire to'th Dukedome, and has power
When his grace dies —imagine, a sweet soule
May I perish in my hopes, if his eyes did not
Melt when I told thy story, and how much
The innocent Lady suffered.
Ben. I am bound
Much to his goodnes.
Leo. Sir I would doe more
Then pity your just cause.
Va. Nay we ha' cast it,
And so much above blood, and state, has vertue
Impression in his heart, he can forget,
And thinke the *Duke* a dead man.
Ben. Excellent Lord!
Leo. I am ashamed, and trust me have applied
What my poore learning could affect, to coole
His riotous blood, but hee's incorrigible,
And now more desperately bent then ever.
Ben. To Violate her?
Leo. I blush to say't, nor will
Your person be long safe.
Va. Well interpos'd.
Ben. He shines on me with bounteous smiles.
Leo. They are dangerous,
And but engage you to a greater ruine.
You stand discover'd.
Va. That's my wonder sir,
Dee thinke your friend *Horatio* has not wrong'd you
In's drinke perhaps — some men are such spongies,
A child may squeeze their soule out.
Ben. You fright my sences.
I doe now suspect, the *Dukes* command toward *Ardelia*
Va. Wisdome must prevent. (confirmes it.
I know thou hast a daring spirit, we
Are friends, tis clearely our opinion
You should by Steele or Poyson — you conceive me
For your owne safety, and your wives, I call her so
Whose life, and honour lies a bleeding, tis
Nothing to me, my Lord I told you, is

Next heire, and cannot but in conscience pardon you.
Leo. Twere pity thou shouldst suffer more.
Ben. But dare
Your Lordship meane this.
Leo. Be confirm'd.
Ben. Your counsells
Have met a spirit, apt in my revenge
To flie upon the world, I hope I shall
Be construd in his death, to have done your Lordship
Noe great discourtesie, being next heire,
Va. Tis to be understood.
Leo. The Dukedome made
Mine by his death, is nothing to the Crowne
Of faire *Ardelias* love, in whose free bosome
My pardon, and best wishes shall soone plant thee
Past the divorce of tirants.
Ben. I am new
Create, and build my hopes upon your honour, *Exit.*
Leo. They are secur'd dost thinke hee's firme, and daring,
Va. If he kill not the *Duke*——i'le cut his throate,
He sha'not scape howe're, if I have braines
I must have all his venison to my selfe,
I'le spare nor hanuch nor humbles, oh my Lord
Be confident if he meete the *Duke*, and time
Though it cost him a dayes Journey, hee'le goe thorough him;
Tis his owne cause; he was wound up discreetely,
You doe not by this time repent your secret.
I can be wicked upon good occasion,
The divell sha'not part us now.
Leo. Be constant,
And meete the truest friend,
Va. Meete at a wench
Till then your humble servant.
Leo. My fate smiles
Conscience steeres not ambition by what's good,
Who lookes at crownes or lust, must smile at blood. *Exit.*

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Artelia, Fiametta.

Fia. HE will no longer be put off with ceremony,
You must consent this night to his embrace,
Or take what followes Madam.
Ar. I am lost,
And every minutes filld with new despaires,
It is in your power to perswade him yet,
Fia. I have said too much already.
Ar. Say *I* am not
In health, poore refuge!
Fia. Not in health, the *Duke*
Shall give you physicke—there be Ladies no
Dispraise to your beauty, wo'd be sicke a purpole
To have the *Duke* their Doctor.
Ar. What can cure
My sicke fate? oh my heart, poore *Bartivolia*,
On what high going waves do we two saile,
Without a Starre or Pilot to direct
Our reeling barke? *Valerio* too expects
A blacke reward for silence, he is here.

Enter Valerio.

Already? doe not leave me *Fiametta*,
I charge thee by thy duty to his highnes.
Fia. Why what's the matter?
Va. Let me pay a duty
To her white hand, whom the *Duke* onely honors,
You looke not with a chearefull countenance Madam.
Ar. I am not well my Lord.
Va. I am exelent at

restoring

Restoring health, send of *Tisiphone*.
I wo'd not have her Picture i'th roome
When we are at generation.
Ar. Shee's commanded
To stay here.
Va. How? commanded? Madam *I* have
Commission to impart some private meanings
From his highnes to this Lady.
Fia. And *I* have
Order, this my Lady have no such conference,
But *I* must be a witnes.
Va. You will not
Contest *I* hope, and dispute my authority,
VVhat an officious fury tis? how shall *I*
Be rid on her? Madam you see this Ring,
A friend of yours signior *Horatio* *Whispers with*
Desires another meeting by this token. *Fiametta.*
Fia. VVhere is my noble servant?
Va. But you must
Expresse your love in making haste, *I* knew
Although for mirth *I* flatter'd *Scolopendra*,
That you would carry him, but loose no time.
Fia. Lend me thy wings sweet love to flie to him. *Exit.*
Va. Flie to the Divell, he wants a companion,
I'le shut the dore after your beldamship,
And trust my selfe with key.
Ar. You doe not meane
To play the ravisher my Lord.
Va. As if
You mean't to put me too't, *I* have your promise
And where consents meete in the act of love,
The pleasures multiply to infinite.
Ar. Infinite horror! yet my Lord, be a man.
Va. You shall not doubt that Madam, if you will
Apply your selfe discreetly, we loose time,
Although *I* be no *Duke*, *I* can present thee
VVith all the pleasures, appetite can wish for
VVithin Loves empire, when you know me Madam,
You will repent this tedious ignorance,

And

And not exchange my person, to clasp with
The greatest Prince alive, Christian or infidell,
Though I commend my selfe, I ha' those wayes
To please a Lady.
Ar. Wayes to please the Divell?
Va. You wo'not be coy now.
Ar. My Lord I know,
At least I hope, howere you speake a language
Rather to fright then court a womans thoughts,
(Not yet acquainted with her owne dishonor)
You have some love within your heart.
Va. Canst thou
Suspect it? wo't thou see my heart?
Give me a fort-nights warning, and let me
But all that while possesse thy love, and those
Delights i'le prompt thee too, i'le wish to live
No longer, get what surgeon thou wo't
To cut me to a *Skeleton*, not love thee?
Ar. Then by that love my Lord, I must desire you
At this time to deferre your expectation,
And leave my Chamber.
Va. Quit the Chamber Madam?
Ar. If not for love of me, for your owne safety,
There is danger in your stay, for every minute
I do expect a visite from the *Duke*.
Va. This is some tricke, you sha'not fright me Lady,
I must have that I came for.
Ar. Meete it here *Shewes a Pistoll.*
Licentious divell, I shall do a benefit
To the world, in thus removing such a traytor,
To man, and womans honor, you shall carry
No tales to his highnes, if thou hast a soule,
Pray, tis my charity to let thee live
Two minutes longer.
Va. Madam, *Ardelia*,
You wo'not use me thus,
Ar. Will you pray sir?
Va. Alas I have forgot, I ha' not pray'd
This tweny yeares at least, I am willing Madam

To obey, and quit the Chamber, pardon me,
My ghost may in revenge els, do you a mischeife,
And betray *Bentivolio* to the *Duke*,
But if you let me live, I will be dumbe,
Madam consider a wild flesh, and blood,
And give me leave to spend my rest of life,
Onely in thinking out some fit repentance,
For I will never speake, if you suspect me.

One knocks.

The *Duke* is come already, I am undone
Mercy, and some concealment. *Goes behinde the hangings.*

Bentivolio opens the dore.

Ben. Ardelia
Alone, I heard another voyce, with whom
Were you in Dialogue, and the dore so fast?
Ar. It is but your suspition.
Ben. This dissembling
I like not.
Ar. If he know who tis, I shall
Insame his Jealousie — deere heart appeare
Lesse troubled, do not throw such busie eyes
About the roome, i'le whisper't in thy eare,
The *Duke* ———
Ben. Where?
Ar. There, obscur'd behind the hangings
Upon thy entrance.
Ben. Guilt has made him fearefull,
Oh I am lost, and thou art now not worth
My glorious rescue.
Ar. Softly, by all goodnes
He has not injurd me, and if you durst
But trust our private conference, i'le die
Rather then bring thee ruines of my honor.
Ben. If thou beest yet white, my owne arme secures thee
From all his lust hereafter.
Va. Oh *He wounds Valerio behind*
I am murder'd. *the hangings.*
Ar. What have you done?

Ben. Nothing but kild the *Duke*,
You ſhall with me?
Ar. Whither?
Ben. No matter where.
So we eſcape the infection of this Ayre. *Exeunt.*

Valerio falls into the Stage.

Va. I am caught in my owne toyles, by the ſame Engine
I raiſ'd to the *Dukes* death, I fall my ſelfe,
The miſtery of fate, I am rewarded,
And that which was the ranke part of my life,
My blood, is met withall, and tis my wonder
My veines ſhould run ſo cleere a red, wherein
ſo much blacke ſinne was wont to bath it ſelfe,
I wo'd looke up, and beg with my beſt ſtrength
Of voyce, and heart forgivenes, but heaven's juſt,
Thus death payes treaſon, and blood quencheth luſt. *Moritur*

Enter Leontio, melancholy. Some cry treaſon within.

Leo. Although I love, and wiſh the act of treaſon
The noiſe yet comes to neare me.

Enter Strozzi.

Str. Oh my Lord!
The *Duke* is kil'd.
Leo. The *Duke*! by what blacke murderer?
Str. That gives the State another wound, we cannot
Suſpect who was the traytor, to revenge it,
But whoſoever was guilty of this paracide,
Is ſtill within the Court, the deeds ſo freſh
He cannot be farre off.
Leo. Shut up the gates,
And plant a ſtrong guard round about the pallace,
Let none goe forth in paine of death, the divell
Sha'not obſcure him here with his blacke wings,
Though he rob Hell to cover us with darknes,
Wee'le find him under twenty foggs, and drag him
To his juſt torment.
Str. Y'are his pious ſucceſſor. *Exit.*

Leo.

Leo. Tis done, and my ambition's ſatiſfied,
Containe my heart, but to which bold aſſaſſivate
Pallante or *Bentivolio* muſt I owe
This bloody ſervice.

Enter Pallante

Pall. I ha' don't my Lord.

Leo. Softly, thou art my brave, and glorious villaine.

Pall. There have beene better titles ſir, beſtow'd
On men of my deſert, the killing of
My lawfull Prince, hath beene eſteem'd an act
'Bove the reward of villaine, though I know
I am one, and a monſtrous villaine too,
I wo'd not be cal'd ſo.

Leo. Thou ſha't devide
Titles with me, doſt thinke i'le not reward it?
Thou art ſad.

Pall. I am a litle melancholy
After my worke.

Leo. Doſt thou repent thy ſervice?

Pall. Were he alive, i'de kill him agen for you.
Tis not his death that hants my conſcience,
But the condition, and State he died in,
That troubles me.

Leo. What State, or what condition?

Pall. When I had taught him to beleeve he was not
Long liv'd, and that your Lordſhip had by me.
Sent him a writ of eaſe, for i'le make ſhort.

Leo. Didſt thou diſcover me?

Pall. Why not? I was
To take an order he ſhould n'ere reveale it,
Upon the mention of your name my Lord.
He fetch'd a ſigh, I thought would have prevented
My execution on his heart, as if
That were a greater wound then death upon him,
But I, whoſe reſolute ſoule was deafe to his prayer,
Bath'd in as many teares, as would have wrought
A Marble to compaſſion, bid him chooſe
The humor he would die in, and collect
Some thoughts to waite upon him to eternity,

And what doe you thinke he made his choice?
Leo. I know not.
Pall. To die an honest man, no wish to part
The world with faire *Ardelia* in his armes, and give his ghost
But with a thousand groanes, calling upon (up in a wan-
Euphemia to forgive him, to whose vertue (ton kisse.
His soule was going forth, to meete, and seale
To it, a new, and everlasting marriage,
Nay he had so much charity to forgive
You sir, and me, and would have pray'd for us,
But that I sent the message to his bosome
That made him quiet, and so left his highnes
Had he died obstinate in his sinnes, the wanton
Lascivious *Duke* he liv'd, I wo'd not blush for't.
Leo. Why, dost relent for this?
Pall. I find some mutiny
In my conscience, pray my Lord tell me
Do not you wish it were undone.
Leo. Thou hast
The tremblings of an infant, it exalts
My thoughts to another heaven, *Pallante* thou
Must not leave here, but make *Leontio* owe
His perfect blessing to thy act, goe to
Euphemia, and with thy best art drop
This newes into her eare.
Within. Away with 'em. *Leo.* What tumults that?
Enter Bentivolio, *and* Ardelia *with officers*
Off. My Lord we have found the traytor
He does confesse he kil'd the *Duke*.
Pall. Howes that?
Leo. He kil'd the *Duke*? tis *Bentivolio*.
Ben I did my Lord, you shannot trouble much
Examination, with this hand I sacrific'd
Ferneze, and you ought to call my act
Pious, and thanke me for removing such
A tyrant, whose perfidious breath had heaven
Beene longer patient wo'd have blasted *Parma*.
Leo. And in the confidence of this service done,
You present your selfe to be rewarded.
Ben. I meant not to have troubled you for that

Had

Had not their force compeld us backe.
Leo. Come neerer.
Ar. I wonder at this noyse of the *Dukes* death,
Valerios tragedy is all that we
Are guilty of, which yet I have conceal'd
From *Bentivolio*.
Leo. Had you no ayde
To this great execution, did you doo't alone?
Ben. Alone, and tis my glory that
Noe hand can boast his fatall wound but mine,
And if you dare be just my Lord.
Leo. Be confident,
There is some mistery in this *Pallante*
Both could not kill the *Duke*, he does accuse,
himselfe. *Pall.* I am all wonder my good Lord.
Leo. You are sure tis done. *Ben.* Now you dishonor me,
Dee know blood royall, when you see't, you may
Beleeve that crimson evidence, I hope
Your Lordship will remember. *Leo.* Feare it not,
But for a time you must be prisoner
To satisfie a little forme upon
My life, no danger shall approach thee, trust
My honor, though I frowne, and call thee traitor
I will study thy preserving next my owne,
Is not this strange *Pallante* that heele take
The guilt upon himselfe, if both have kild him
Noe feare but hee's dead, this foole *Pallante*
Shall quickly by his death secure thy Fate.
Put on a cunning face meane time, and narrowly
Observe the full behaviour of the Court,
But 'specially insinuate with the greatest,
And as they talke of me, declare my passion,
And with what horror, I receav'd the death
Of our good *Duke*, my pious zeale to appease
That blessed spirit with his murderers blood,
In care to their owne heads, they will proclaime
Me *Duke*, i'le to *Euphemia*, and by some
Strong art make her my owne. *Pall.* Your grace is prudent.
Leo. Away to'th prison with 'em. *Ar.* Let me beare
Him company my Lord.

Leo. You ſha'not doubt it
Good Madam miſchiefe, and repent together,
As you are like to bleed, and with full torture,
Howle out your wretched lives for the Dukes murder.
Ar. You are deceav'd my Lord, we wo'not dye
For that offence.
Leo. You wo'not, glorious ſtrumpet.
Ar. Y'are a moſt
Uncivill Lord, thy birth had not more innocence
To juſtifie thy mother.
Ben. Ile be modeſt,
And ſay, this is not honourable.
Leo. So Sir,
You will have time to talke at your arraignment,
Away with 'em, now to *Euphemia.* *Exit.*

Enter Horatio, and Fiametta.

Fia. Did you not ſend for me, and by this token?
Ho. Follow me not, unleſſe thou wo't ſweare to imitate
What I ſhall lead thee too by my example,
For rather then not be rid of thee, at next
Convenient river I will drowne my ſelfe,
And thinke I goe a Martyrdome by water.
Cannot a Gentleman be merry w'ee,
But you will make him mad?
Fia. Ile never leave thee,
I will petition to the Duke, and plead
A contract.
Ho. Thou't be dam'd then.
Fia. What care I.
Ho. So, I ſhu'd have a bleſsing in this fiend,
This child of darkeneſſe once remov'd, I ſend for thee,
And by a token? I wo'd ſooner ſend
For the hang-man, and pay him double fees
To ſtrangle me, what I endur'd before,
Thinke twas a pennance for ſome mighty ſinnes
I had committed, and be quiet now.
Fia. Did you not love me then?
Ho. Love thee? conſider
What thou haſt ſaid, and hang thy ſelfe immediatly,

Ile

Ile ſooner dote upon a mare, doſt heare me,
A mare with foureſcore, and ninteene diſeaſes,
And ſhe the greateſt to make up a hundred,
Then harbour one ſuch monſtrous thought, thou art
A thing, no Cat that comes of a good kind,
Will keepe thee company, and yet thou lookſt
So like a miſerable ore-growne vermine,
Now I thinke better on't, it is my wonder
Th'art not devour'd quicke, leave me yet.

Fia. Not I Sir,
I know you love me ſtill, all this is but
To try my conſtancy.

Ho. Art thou ſo ignorant,
Or impudent, or both? let me intreat thee
But to have ſomething of a beaſt about thee,
Thy ſences in ſome meaſure, looke but how
I frowne upon thee, for thy ſafety therefore,
If thou haſt no deſire to ſave my credit
Abroad, tame thy concupiſcence, we draw
All the ſpectatours but to laugh, and wonder at's,
And I ſhall be the greater prodegy
For talking ſo long with thee, wo't be rul'd,
And trudge from whence thou camſt, good honeſt bruite,
My humours out of breath, and I ha' done,
But all that's ugly in thy face, or what's
Unſeene deformity, I am now in earneſt,
And therefore doe not tempt me.

Fia. My deere Signior.
To what?

Ho. Why, after all to beate thee, if
Thou leav'ſt me not the ſooner.

Fia. Are not you
My Servant?

Ho. But in paſsion I forget things,
And if my Miſtreſſe want diſcretion,
I ſhall, in my pure zeale to have her wiſe,
Beate ſome into her, moſt abhominably
Beate her, and make deformity to ſwell,
She ſha'not get in to her chamber doore.

Ile

Ile bruiſe, and make thee up into a ball,
And boyes ſhall kick thee houne, doſt thou not feare me?
Fia. Ile endure any thing from thee, my love
Shall thinke no paine a ſuffering, come, kiſſe me
But once, and I will die thy patient martyr.
Ho. She wo'd be kild, to have me hang for her,
Was ever ſuch an impudence in woman?
You that are hanſome Ladies, I doe aske
Forgiveneſſe, and beleeve it poſſible
You may be leſſe vexations to men.
Doſt heare? to tell thee truth, for it will out
By ſome, or other, you muſt here diſcharge
Your dotage, for it is but two howers ſince
I was married.
Fia. Married? to whom?
Ho. Toth' tother
Wild beare that courted me, to *Scolopendra*,
She met i'th nicke, and wee clapt up.
And you know tis not conſcience to abuſe
Our honeſt wedlocke.
Fia. I ſhall runne mad.
Ho. Wo'd thou wo'dſt runne into the Sea, and ſee
If I wo'd goe a fiſhing for thee.
Fia. Furies,
Riſe in my braine, and helpe me to revenge.
Ho. I am afraid ſhe'l beate me now.
Fia. Falſe man,
I have not breath enough to raile, and curſe
Thy apoſtacy, how couldſt thou uſe me thus?
But ſeeke ſome ſudden way to be divorc'd,
Or one ſhall dye.
Ho. Wo'd thou wert buried quicke.
Fia. But are
You married, tell me ſweet *Horatio*,
And muſt I weare a willow garland for thee?
Ho. Weare a halter.
Fia. It is not poſſible, thou canſt be ſo
Unkind to me.
Ho. You may beleeve it Madam.

Fia.

Fia. Yet I muſt love thee till I die, and you
May keepe me alive, with now, and then ſome favour,
It want's no preſident, we may kiſſe I hope,
And thus walke arme in arme, I wo'd deny
Thee nothing.

Ho. Do not vaniſh me good Madam.

A noiſe within.

The people hoote already, none to reskue me.

Enter Bentivolio, and Ardelia guarded.

Is not this *Bentivolio*, under guard,
And his faire Miſtreſſe pinniand? how now friend,
Wither are you bound with ſuch a convoy.

1. To priſon, they are traitors.

Ho. Traitors.

Ar. Do not beleeve 'em.

1. They have kil'd the *Duke*.

Fia. How's that?

1. Doe you know him ſir?

Fia. Deere Madam are you priſoner too.

Ho. Take me along,
Better be hang'd then hanted with that goblin.

1. Another of the conſpiracy diſarm'd him.

Ho. Let me but ſpeake a word to this old Damſell.

1. Shee's of the plot too.

Fia. I? I defie him,
I know him not.

Ho. I hope you wo'not leave me in diſtreſſe
Love, Miſtreſſe lady-bird.

Fia. I defie all traitors
Away with 'em, the *Duke* kil'd! out upon 'em,
That Fellow alwayes had a hanging countenance
Bleſſe me, defend me. *Exit.*

Ho. 'Tis well treaſon will
Make her forſake me yet.

Ben. Doſt know on what
Danger thou doſt ingage thy ſelfe?

Ho. Although
I die for company 'tis worth it gentlemen

You know not how you have releev'd me Madam,
I did expect you'd bring him into miſcheife,
I am perfect in your ſex now, come to priſon.
Ar. You may repent your malice ſir.
Ho. And you
May be a Saint, away with us, come friend,
Women have made me weary of the World,
And hanging is a helpe, we might ha' liv'd
If you had tane my counſell, nay i'le ſhare w'ed
I ha' not loſt all my good fellowſhip.

Enter Duke diſguiſ'd, with Euphemia.

Exeunt.

Eup. My ſorrowes, I forgive you all, this bleſſing
Has overpaid my heart, and though it cracke
With weight of this ſo unexpected happineſſe,
I ſhall die more then ſatisfied.
Du. Euphemia.
Thou art too merciſull, and my repentance
Is yet too feeble, and too ſhort a wonder,
Sure thou doſt flatter me, if not heaven ſuffred,
My fall with holy cunning to let thee
Shine the Worlds great example of forgiveues.
Eup. But wherefore does your grace come hither thus
Diſguiſ'd, being your ſelfe, and mine agen, what needs
This cloude upon your perſon, truth did never
Shame the profeſſor.
Du. Though I live to thee,
The World doe thinke me dead *Euphemia*,
Leonato whom I lov'd, and truſted moſt,
Deſign'd my everlaſting far-well from thee,
But he that ſhould have been my executioner,
Without diſordering this poore heape of nature,
Gave me another life, and growth to vertue,
Pallante, bleſt good man *Eup. Leonates* creature.
Du. That honeſt Soldier after by his counſell,
I put this ſhape on, while to my falſe kinſ-man
He gives relation of my death, this key
He lent for my acceſſe to thy ſad chamber,

I hope he is return'd.

Leonato upon the dore.

Tis *Leonato.*
My heart o'th ſuddaine trembles with the feare
Of a nere danger, I am unarm'd too,
For our defence — Madam you are not wiſe,
And merit not this providence to dote
Upon a ſhadow, your dead husband, when
Leonato lives, with more ambition to
Succeed him in your love, then this faire Duke-dome.
Leo. What fellowes this that pleads my cauſe, tis ſome
Pallante has appointed to prepare her,
Du. With pardon, you deſerve him not, and were
I *Leonato* ——— my good Lord.
Leo. Spare your
Dull Retorick ſir.
Du. That I could ſnatch
His ſword, I dare not call for helpe, or leave 'em
She may be loſt within a paire of minutes,
My heart, my braine!
Leo. Madam you ſaid your vow
Was made for life, *Fernizes* death hath canceld
That obligation, and in midſt of teares
Fate ſmiles upon you, if you dare looke up,
And meete it with a will to be made happy
He courts you now, has power to kill all ſorrow,
From theſe faire eyes be juſt to your kind fortune,
And dreſſe your face with your firſt beauty, Madam,
It may become the change, why weepe you ſtill.
Eup. I weepe for you my Lord.
Leo. For me.
Eup. Becauſe
You cannot for your ſelfe, pray tell me ſir,
Is the *Duke* dead in earneſt, you have not
A mourning face, but great heires ſeldome dy
With ſudden greife, or weeping for thier Father,
Or Kinſ-mens funerall. I pray how dy'd he?
Although he were not kind to take his leave,
I wod pay my obſequie of teares upon,

His Hearſe, and weepe a prayer to his cold duſt.
Leo. That may be time enough.
Eup. How I deſire
To kiſſe his lip agen, oh ſhew me yet
Where's the pale ruines of my dead Lord? ſtay
He ſhall have halfe my ſoule, where's a ſoft,
And ſilent breath I will convay to warme,
And quicken his ſtiffe boſome.
Leo. Madam, what's
All this to my reward?
Eup. Reward for what.
Leo. My love which for your ſake, and let me tell you
Not without ſome encouragment from you,
To give your heart more freedome to meet ruine,
Hath ſent the *Duke* to heaven.
Eup. Thou art a murderer,
Treaſon?
Du. Treaſon.
Leo. Who was that.
Du. Some eccho
Within the Chamber, nothing elſe my Lord.
Leo. Is not the *Dukes* ghoſt hovering hereabout,
It has a clamour like his voyce, ha, but
I can take order for your ſilence, uſe
That tongue againe, with the leaſt accent to
Affright the aire, and i'le diſmiſſe thy ſoule,
To waite upon thy husbands angry ſhade.
Du. Horror? what can preſerve us but a miracle?
Leo. Yet i'le not ſo much favour you, 'tis death
Perhaps you have ambition too.
Du. One word
My gracious Lord, it has been my trade to deale
With women, with your pardon you do practiſe
Too tame a court-ſhip for her nature, uſe
The opportunity, and force her, to your
Pleaſures, away with Sword, and buckle with her,
Leave me to keepe the doore, I ha been uſ'd to too't
Shee'le thanke you when 'tis done, looſe no time in talke.
Leo. Ha? do thy office.

Du.

Du. Wod your Lordship know me ?
You shall —— what thinke you of this officer ?
False to thy blood, thy honour, and thy Prince,
Y'are caught my precious kinſ-man, and I live
With my owne hand to be reveng'd upon thee,
Leo. Ha then thorow her, I will receive my mends,
I did suspect that voyce, had not my confidence
Of thy most certaine death betraid me thus,
I wod have made sure worke, some Fate direct
His Sword thorow both our hearts.
Du. No Treason, Treason.

Enter Pallante, Strozzi, Silvio, Ascanio, with a guard, they wound Leonato.

Leo. So let me employ the short breath that remaines
To tell you I engag'd *Pallante*, to
The *Dukes* death with a full hope to satisfie
Lust, and ambition, but he jugled with me,
And so has *Bentivolio*, though he be
With his *Ardelia* in prison, for
Acknowledging himselfe your murderer,
To which *Vallerio*, and my selfe inflam'd him.
Du. Valerio traitor too.
Sil. Sir he is slaine,
His wounded body found in *Ardelias* chamber.
Du. Ardelia !
This darke mischeife shall be cleer'd
Strozzi, command *Bentivolo*,
And *Ardelia* be instantly brought hither ?
Str. I shall sir.
Du. Most ingratefull *Leonato*.
Leo. I know I am not worth your charity,
And yet my Lord your cruelty upon
Euphemia, and some licence I tooke from
The example of your wanton blood, was ground
Of these misfortunes, 't seemes Y'are reconcil'd,
Be worth her love hereafter, thou wert just,
Pallante, be still faithfull to thy Prince,
I beg your generall pardon.

Du. We forgive thee.

Leo. Heaven is a great way of, and I shall be
Ten thousand yeeres in travell, yet twere happy
If I may find a lodging thereat last,
Though my poore soule get thither upon crutches
It cannot stay, far-well, agen forgive me.

Pall. He is dead.

Eup. I pity him.

Enter Strozzi.

Str. The prisoners waite.

Du. Admit 'em.

Enter Bentivolio, Ardelia, Horatio.

Was your life so great a burthen
That you upon the rumour of our murder,
Would take the act upon you, though you had
Promis'd to be the traitor, or did you
Envy another man should owne the glory,
And title of our bloudy executioner.

Ben. I, but confest the guilt I then beleev'd.

Du. This is a mistery.

Ar. I can best cleere it.

Sil. Tis my wonder how?
Valerio was slaine.

Ben. That I must answer,
Although my Sword then promis'd to another
Revenge, yet in the wound he met a Justice,
I now repent not.

Eup. What's that gentleman.

Ho. I am one Madam that do court my friend here,
So well that though he be in faire election
To loose his Head, or to be Strangled——
Had rather take such as I find with him,
Then live to be tormented with a woman.

Eup. What woman.

Ho. Any woman, without difference,
I have heard your grace has a good fame, and though
It does become your subjects to beleeve it,
I was not borne here Madam, and ive had
Such ill luck with your sex, it does not bind

My

My faith, tis possible there may be good
Both faire, and honest women, but they were never
Under my acquaintance, no noe yet ill favored,
In whom I onely look'd to find a soule,
But bost my labour. This is all truth Madam!

Eup. His humour makes me smile.

Du. Enough, not onely
Our pardon for *Valerios* death, I give
Thee back *Ardelia*, she was my Mistresse
But I returne her pure as thy owne wishes.

Ben. This grace is mighty sir.

Du. Weele see you married,
And what our person, and *Euphemias*
Can adde to grace you.

Ar. Y'ave already blest us,
And heaven shower joyes upon you.

Du. The next thing is to honor thee *Pallante*,
Thou savest my life, and didst now marrie me,
Thy faith is not rewarded.

Pall. 'Was my duty.

Ho. What, is all well agen? and is she honest.

Ben. Most innocent.

Ho. Then shee's too good for thee,
Come the truth is, and now i'le speake my conscience
If there be few good women in the World,
The fault rise first from one of our owne sex,
By flattery, in false-hood to deceave 'em,
And so the punishment does but descend
To us in justice.

Ar. That's some charity.

Du. Come my *Euphemia*, this second knot
Shall be as firme as destiny, nor shall
What ever was to our chast vow a shame,
In my lives after Story have a name.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

164420B

Epil. for Horatio.

Gentlemen, and Ladies,
If I have transgrest in any language
Against hansome faces, I hope you will forgive
Me, and imagine, I have but plaid the part, which
Was most against my Genius, *of any that ever I*
Acted in my life, to speake truth,
Who is so simple to dote upon Witches, and hel-Cats,
Venus *deliver us, the Poet stands listning behind the arras*
To heare what will become on's Play, under the
Rose if you will seeme to like it I'le put
A tricke upon him.
For though he heare when you applaud, I'le say
Your hands did seale my pardon, not the Play.

FINIS.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY